

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

## POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,116 Vol. 120.

17 July 1915.

[REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

### CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
<b>NOTES OF THE WEEK</b>	49	<b>MIDDLE ARTICLES (continued).</b>		<b>REVIEWS:</b>	
<b>LEADING ARTICLES:</b>		The Young Russians. By John F. Runciman	62	Vive la France!	65
The Government	52	<b>CORRESPONDENCE:</b>		The Religions of China	63
The King's Ships	53	The Need of Crushing Germany (Major-General Sir Alfred Turner)	63	The Low Countries	66
For Prussia and for Peace	54	The Unfairness of Voluntary Recruiting	63	A Book of the Open Air	67
The Unpleasant Habit of Gush	55	M. Ivan Meštrovič (Selwyn Image)	64	A Changed Hero	67
The Great War: Appreciation (No. 50). By Vieille Moustache	56	The Pope and the War	64	Books Received	67
<b>MIDDLE ARTICLES:</b>		Gendarmerie in China	64	<b>FINANCE:</b>	
The Idealist and War. By Dr. J. Holland Rose	59			Insurance	68
Herbs and Sages. By Frances Chesterman	61				

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Government is confronted this week-end with a problem which will very severely test its courage and statesmanship. It is not easy to say how far the miners, when they decided on Thursday to abandon the mines, understood their position. The bulk of them seemed still to regard their dispute as an affair between themselves and their employers. But it was no longer anything of the kind. The Government had taken it out of the masters' hands. It had decided that the men must work till their grievances had been impartially settled under the Munitions Act. Henceforth it was a plain issue between the Government and the strikers. The Government had declared that the work of the miners was essential to the prosecution of the war; that any intermission would affect the working of our Fleet, our munition factories, our transports—everything which enables us to continue the fight with Germany, and it had decided to apply its newly acquired powers—powers on which the whole of the munitions policy is based.

The South Wales miners, in fact, challenged the Government flatly to a contest when they struck work on Thursday night. They were already under the Munitions Act—an Act expressly designed to make strikes impossible. Clearly they had opened a question on which the whole future of the war depended. The Munitions Act is an experiment. It is a second-best measure which has to be tested fairly and decisively. It definitely stops short of the best way of dealing with the problem of men and munitions; but it is the best way at the disposal of the Government. We are now to see whether the Government has powers enough to deal with a situation in which 200,000 men are incurring all the penalties which the Munitions Act prescribes for those who come between the nation and its needs.

The fighting on the Western Front this week has been frequent and severe. About Ypres there has been

an attempt of the enemy to retake the trenches won last week. More important is the battle for "La Fille Morte", reported as a victory for the Crown Prince. Actually it seems to have consisted of a costly and partially successful advance in the Argonne followed by a French counter-offensive which definitely checked any further progress. In the East the Russians are severely threatened with a heavy blow aimed directly at Warsaw. For several days there was a pause in the German operations, and news was anxiously awaited which would indicate the direction of the German plan. On Thursday their plan was revealed by telegrams concerning the presence of large bodies to the north of Warsaw in the Prasnysk region.

Sir John French's despatch covers the fighting from 17 April to 13 May. It includes the capture of Hill 60—which now, it seems, no longer exists—and the battles at Ypres which resulted from the first surprise of our armies by asphyxiating gas. The despatch is written with customary restraint and brevity. Nothing is underlined. We infer how severe these struggles were and how splendidly they were met from statements of unadorned concision. We read that a line of trenches was "obliterated" or that the "left squadron, reduced to sixteen men, fell back". The main impression one gets from the whole story is an impression of the awful havoc made by high explosive and heavy artillery.

How the Canadians with their flank exposed by the retirement of a French division held on to the salient at Ypres on 22 April is a story already familiar. Even the "iron calm" of Sir John French's paragraphs is broken with a tribute to their "magnificent display of tenacity and courage. The bearing and conduct of these splendid troops averted a disaster which might have been attended with serious consequences." Sir John French also allows himself to dwell on the character of the French retirement lest his brief statement might be read as a slur upon our Allies: "I wish particularly to repudiate any idea of

attaching the least blame to the French Division for this unfortunate incident. After all the examples our gallant Allies have shown of dogged and tenacious courage in the many trying situations in which they have been placed throughout the course of this campaign it is quite superfluous for me to dwell on this aspect of the incident, and I would only express my firm conviction that, if any troops in the world had been able to hold their trenches in the face of such a treacherous and altogether unexpected onslaught, the French Division would have stood firm."

The very critical nature of the fighting during these weeks of April and May is now clear. The sudden retirement of sections of the line, the rapid moving and mingling of units, the opportunist pushing forward of reserves over country commanded by the enemy guns, the continuous subjection to a "superior fire of artillery", the daily attacks by gas, bombardments which "completely obliterated the trenches and caused enormous losses": these are commonplaces of the Report—the heroic and terrible commonplaces of which this war is all compact.

Two—out of probably countless—instances of the way British soldiers are fighting and dying just across the water have been recorded this week. The first is from Sir John French's dispatch: "During one of the heavy attacks made against our infantry gas was seen rolling forward from the enemy's trenches. Private Lynn, of the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, at once rushed to the machine gun without waiting to adjust his respirator. Single-handed he kept his gun in action the whole time the gas was rolling over, actually hoisting it on the parapet to get a better field of fire. Although nearly suffocated by the gas, he poured a stream of lead into the advancing enemy and checked their attack. He was carried to his dug-out, but, hearing another attack was imminent, he tried to get back to his gun. Twenty-four hours later he died in great agony from the effects of the gas".

The second instance was given in the "Evening News" of Monday, and records the end of Captain F. W. Townend, R.E. He was laying cables at Neuve Chapelle after the Indian troops had taken German trenches, when a shell burst right in the middle of his party: "All the Indians were being attended to when I arrived on the scene", wrote an eye-witness. "However, I saw someone in that shell-hole which was on the side of the road opposite from where the men had been hit and so had escaped notice. It was the white officer of the Indians, Captain F. W. Townend, who appeared to have his legs half buried in the debris. He told us to attend to the others first, as he was all right, and then, as we moved him, we saw that he was standing on the stumps of his legs. Both had been shot off at the knee. I'm telling you this story, horrible as it is, because of the extraordinary courage the man showed—such courage as I've never seen before, and hardly imagined. He looked at his legs as we moved him on to the stretcher, and asked me quietly to tie something tight round both thighs to stop the bleeding. There were two R.A.M.C. men with us, and they attended to the subsequent first aid. They discovered another terrible wound in his arm, and while they were dressing it he told them he thought he would give up football next year. We took him to the nearest hospital; he was still conscious and perfectly collected, and laughed quietly and talked, apologising for the trouble he was causing while on his way to the hospital." And yet there are little worms at home, in politics and print, so ill-conditioned as to writhe at National Service and even at the mild encouragement which the National Registration Bill gives our armies!

The destruction of the "Königsberg" by monitors in the Rufigi River is characteristically described as a "satisfactory" operation. It illustrates the completeness and efficiency with which the work of the British Navy is carried through. For eight months

this last of the German cruisers has been hiding among the swamps of East Africa. "Thorough" is the motto of the Fleet; and this work of clearing the seas has now been thoroughly accomplished.

Lord Lansdowne's speech in the House of Lords on Tuesday on the National Registration Bill is a remarkable declaration by the Government. Much of it, though still disputed by a few, is now common ground for all those who are set, first and last, upon winning the war. But there emerges, in a late passage of the speech, a point of view which has not yet been definitely expressed by a political leader. It is a point of view with which readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW are familiar enough. Let us look at the speech a little closely and see in exactly what respects it differs from all others.

"We realise", said Lord Lansdowne, "that the old go-as-you-please system has broken down". There has been recruiting of men; but we have not paused to consider whether we were taking the right men. We have depleted essential industries of labour; we have enlisted an enormous proportion of married men. We have stripped some districts of virtually all their labour and left others untouched. Moreover, we have left the providing of our armies with munitions to private enterprise and private contract. All this part of Lord Lansdowne's speech is common ground. We have heard these things put in many different ways in Parliament and on the platform and in the Press. But now we come to something essentially new.

"I do not believe", Lord Lansdowne declares, "that voluntary service *with its present injustices and anomalies* will be tolerated very much longer in this country". There, at last, we have the heart of the matter. Hitherto speakers have tended to think of national and obligatory service as, at least, a necessary evil. The voluntary system, they have said, is best; but, at the call of necessity, that evil thing compulsion must be resorted to. But now we have clearly and definitely from the Government benches a proclaimed conviction that the present so-called system of voluntary enlistment is *unfair*. It is unfair to the men who, under an intelligent system of universal enlistment, would not be considered eligible to serve, but who are pressed and persuaded by advertisement and stigma to abandon their private responsibilities and are accepted by the recruiting officer in default of men more obviously qualified to serve. It is unfair because, though it refuses to declare that every man's obligation is to serve his country, yet it hints and suggests to sensitive, but not obviously qualified people—the people the State would not dream of taking in the ordinary way—that everyone who stays at home is a coward and a shirker. Against the *unfairness* of this system the country is steadily turning. It accounts, more than anything else, for the growing popularity of National Service. For months we have urged this point of view in articles and notes. Now, for the first time, it is prominently and clearly stated by a member of the Ministry.

Lord Lansdowne very firmly met the criticism of the men who have opposed the Registration Bill owing to a fear that it contained the seeds of compulsion. He showed they were the enemies equally of voluntary and of compulsory recruiting. "I go the length of saying that if there are people who object to this Bill because they think that to that extent it brings us nearer to compulsion, they will find that their real position is this—that they want to deny to Lord Kitchener now the measure which he requires in order to prosecute the voluntary recruitment of the Army with success, and that they want to thwart and impede him at a future time should he hereafter desire to obtain this weapon in his hands in order that the war may not be brought to an inglorious conclusion." This is entirely right. The men who have opposed this necessary measure

are opposing not this or that particular method of raising our armies. They are opposing the war.

On Monday Mr. Asquith rightly declined to answer a series of questions about munitions, etc., which Sir A. B. Markham put to the Government. Sir A. B. Markham, M.P., and Sir Henry Dalziel, M.P., and the other enquirers, who are on the track, so they hold, of incompetency, undoubtedly mean well and are earnest enough. But we suggest to them that their investigations are essentially at fault. If they will retire a little and give themselves up to careful and cool thought, they will perceive that what the country is suffering from to-day is the incompetency and inefficiency of a system—if it can be styled system—of obtaining munitions and of obtaining men, rather than from the incompetency and inefficiency of the individuals; they have fastened on to with such a bulldog grip. If the Archangel Gabriel had been put, a year ago, or less than a year ago, into one of the offices in which these M.P.'s have been prosecuting enquiries, the Archangel would not have been able—the system being what it is—to compete against the various Beelzebubs of Krupps and the German War Staff.

The truth is that Sir A. B. Markham and Sir Henry Dalziel have got hold of a number of details, but they have curiously failed to lay hold of a principle. Moreover, their investigations have begun somewhere in the middle instead of at the top. It is thus they have gone astray. If Sir A. B. Markham and Sir Henry Dalziel had, about last October, started to make a serious study of organisation, and particularly of the organisation of that national service which necessarily exists in some form in all countries, such as France and Germany, which are scientifically organised for war, they would then have started at the top instead of, haphazard, somewhere about the middle. If they will bring their understandings and their energies to bear on this matter, they will spend their time much more serviceably, we assure them, than in earnest but ineffectual onslaughts on this official and on that.

Several events in London this week remind us that new links are being forged by the war between Great Britain and the Empire. Mr. Borden was welcomed to London by Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Balfour on Tuesday evening in speeches which sincerely uttered the country's feeling and recognition of what Canada and the Dominions are achieving in France, in the Dardanelles, and in Africa. On the following day Mr. Asquith, in the House of Commons, acknowledged on behalf of Parliament the great services of General Botha to the Empire. On the same day Sir Robert Borden attended a meeting of the Cabinet; and two days before this Lord Kitchener offered to General Botha a cordial welcome should he come to Europe.

Twelve months of warfare have indeed done much for Imperial unity and co-operation. Sir Robert Borden eloquently sketched the contrast between what Germany expected to happen in South Africa and what really occurred. Germany hoped that the British Empire would fall apart, that there would be a cutting loose of the slender political threads, and that the Dominions would look on at the fighting. To-day Canada has under arms over 300,000 men. Australia and New Zealand have won undying fame in Eastern Europe, and General Botha has brought under the British flag a vast and difficult territory after a campaign of astonishing endurance and skill. These things are among the fine things of the war. They are heavy with possibilities for the future. Pride in a common achievement has been added to pride of race to bind the Empire fast.

This week we have been prompted to think closely about France, our nearest Ally. The words of M. Poincaré ring very truly in our ears because they are so finely matched with the conduct of France—her singleheartedness and absolute intentness upon winning the war. No soldier in France is conscious

that he obeys a compulsory law. He and the law are friends, because the law represents the needs of France and of every French household. Obligatory service means to a Frenchman the protection of France by her manhood. Also it means a system of ordered forethought and of equity and economy. Frenchmen, too, are logical. They know that a volunteer is a conscript of discipline as soon as he enters an army and begins to learn his drill. In his first lesson he learns that go-as-you-please has neither place nor value in the massed intelligence of an efficient regiment. As Frenchmen are ardent individualists, they find this lesson very difficult, but they have learnt it thoroughly in the school of the trenches. It is a lesson which our own people have yet to learn from their nearest Ally.

There is at any rate no stint or weakness in our finance. The figures of the new war loan come roundly up to the sum indicated by the Chancellor in forecasting his extreme needs. £600,000,000 have been subscribed, exclusive of conversions. Every shilling of this is hard cash. It stands for no inflation or management of paper resources. It is firm value, redeemable in coin or in credit of international validity.

Lord Robert Cecil is not yet in a position to declare any change of policy on the part of the Government as to cotton. "Our object", he says, "is to prevent cotton going into Germany. We have to carry this object out without inflicting injustice on neutral countries, and we have to carry it out effectively, but with due regard to the public law of Europe—for we stand for the public law of Europe throughout this quarrel. We believe that our plan has brought a considerable measure of success; but if it should turn out that we are wrong—and we are giving close and continuous attention to the matter—if it should turn out that cotton is still going into Germany, then no regard for Ministerial consistency or anything of that kind will prevent the Government from carrying out whatever plans are necessary to secure the end we have in view".

The last answer of Germany to the United States can hardly be regarded as an advance upon her former declarations. There are gentle expressions, it is true. But they will not restore those who have suffered in Belgium or France or been murdered at sea or soothed those who have watched Germany's conduct in the last twelve months. "Germany", America is told, "has likewise been always tenacious of the principle that war should be conducted against the armed and organised forces of an enemy country, but that the enemy civilian population must be spared as far as possible from the measures of war". The name of Lord Bryce is well known and well liked in America. There are Americans who will have some confidence in the good faith of his late report upon the way in which the German armies have dealt with the civilian people of Louvain and Aerschot. Moreover, there are American travellers and journalists who have travelled in Belgium during the terror. Finally there is a German *Kriegsbranch* which speaks of making war on the total spiritual and material resources of a people.

It is a pleasure to us to-day to print "The Idealist and War", by Dr. Holland Rose; a pleasure not alone because the author is the accepted authority on Napoleon in English scholarship to-day, but through the moral note which the article strikes and sustains. The note is of great spiritual, and well considered it must ultimately be of real practical, value in a time like that we are passing through. We have been struck by the fervency and recurrence of that note in the speeches of the Prime Minister. Pre-eminently one is conscious of it in the great poetry which the Napoleonic era drew from Wordsworth. We must be efficient, terribly efficient and equipped in things material to come through this struggle; but if denied this ethical support we could at most secure a barren, brassy kind of triumph.



## LEADING ARTICLES.

## THE GOVERNMENT.

SO far the Coalition, which has greatly strengthened its position during the last week, has set the critics astir pitifully in the wrong. It was hardly mooted, it was no sooner formed, than they sent up a dismal croak and wagged their heads, and wrung their hands in a state bordering on despair. Coalitions, they hurried to assure us, were an entire mistake. England, they reminded us, furbishing up anew the commonplaces from their old school prize essays and their "collections" of long ago, does not like coalitions and never has liked them. The Ministry of "All the Talents", with Grenville and Fox, which one had imagined put to grass long since with the Trojan horse, was led out into the political paddock, and we were clearly warned that the ineffectual race it ran could only be repeated by the new Coalition steed.

Nevertheless the Coalition has made a far better start than the critics. The events of this week prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that it has got off distinctly well and is making some uncommonly good running. No fair or sensible person can deny this fact. What has it done in its seven weeks of existence? First and foremost it has, in record time, got through infinitely—we think this rather hard-worked word can be pardonably used here—the greatest financial experiment in the history of England, indeed in the history of the world. It has raised a loan for the purpose of the war of upwards of £600,000,000; and a loan which, for the first time in this country, has struck on the imagination and appealed to the pockets of an immense number of small investors. The terms of this loan, we freely admit, are open to criticism: they are extremely generous to the investor, and we cannot disguise from ourselves a certain uneasiness that they will prove, by and by, a severe burden on that patient ass the British taxpayer. Neither can we altogether dispel our misgivings lest the effect of a very generously arranged loan may be the reverse of transient on a great number of our most stable gilt-edged securities, securities British, Canadian, Australasian, and other. One had rather not say this, but candour insists: besides, the reflection must be common to everyone who has the slightest nodding acquaintance with a money market. Nevertheless the achievement of £600,000,000 to carry on the war with is sustaining and magnificent; and it is a deal in money, in coin of the realm—which is better and more enduring stuff than German paper. Crowing over Germany is not a wise habit, but as a luxury one may perhaps be allowed this one little crow in the farmyard of "silver bullets". This second War Loan should see us well through six to eight months of war at any rate if—and this is of vital and pressing importance—the Chancellor of the Exchequer can get to work on his coming campaign of strict public economy: we want to see a roving commission busy forthwith on the task of prying mercilessly into and overhauling expenditure in all directions; and of cutting down from twenty to thirty millions a year on this and that unnecessary item. We have a notion that the new Chancellor of the Exchequer may show an ambition to spare on the things that properly relate to peace as well as to spend on things that relate to war. We believe he does not pride himself on spending public money as at least one Chancellor of the Exchequer of recent years has.

Next, the new Government has got its National Registration Act. That measure decidedly improves on closer acquaintance. The thirty would-be tyrants

who voted against it in the House of Commons seemed to see in it a sinister plan for blacklisting—or enlisting—their supporters and clients throughout the country who hear the calls of war with distaste or at least with unconcern. It was explained to them later that the measure was not so severe as all that; in fact, they were given to understand that it was not the dreadful thing named Conscription, save, of course, in the very literal and original sense of the term—in which sense it obviously is both conscriptive and compulsive. But after the debate in the House of Lords on Tuesday, we do know that it really is a preparatory enquiry of a distinctly valuable kind: if we are not mistaken, it is a preparation, a wise precaution, of the kind that Lord Selborne asked for in the House of Lords last winter. The late Government did not see its way to engage in such an enquiry then. The new Coalition Government has seen its way to do so. Therefore, those who thought and think that Coalition has not taken a good stride ahead of Party were and are wrong.

Thirdly, after a certain amount of heat and bickering—which really has not been exactly serious or fatal—the Munitions Act has been passed and the new Ministry established. Fourthly, under that Act the new Government has come into collision with a violent section of Labour at home, which—however unintentionally—serves the ends of Germany, and which must be dealt with sternly and finally before Germany can be so dealt with. Frankly we welcome it as a piece of good fortune that the collision has come now, hot foot on the passing of the Act. That Act is admittedly an experiment; and by far the best thing that can happen is that it shall receive forthwith at least one fairly searching test. We have not thought, and we do not think, that the Munitions Act is the most satisfactory, the most simple, and at the same time the most thorough way in which to solve the problem of the shells, guns, and other material of war: it is not. The way of France is more thorough, simple, and convincing—the way that solves the problem of munitions and of men by a single bold, safe stroke. But this other way may prove a second best; and at any rate it has to be tried, and here we are forthwith at something like grips with the experiment. The new Government has to deal with a strike which, if allowed to prevail, would simply paralyse our Fleet, our all in all. Is the new Government going to govern in the coalfields? We have great hopes that it sternly intends to do so. If it does, surely even the most grudging may admit that the new arrangement of a Coalition or a National Executive will be a long stride ahead of the late arrangement? Strikes, as usual, appeared to be the order of the day not long since; and the abominable and disgraceful spectacle of the tram quarrel being suffered to drag on day after day in London was visualised with shouts of delight by the enemy.

These are signs, then, welcome signs among people of any judgment, that the new Government is beginning to settle down to its work. It is a fatuous thing to belittle or overlook these signs of vigour. We do not think, we know and asseverate, that not really strong people at this stage, but weak people trying to be strong, will grumble and "grouse" and jeer because so far nothing heroic, nothing with the Coriolanus or Clive touch, has been attempted or accomplished. It is stupid and dense at such a time to turn up one's nose superbly at a second best because one cannot at once secure the best. What is the use of talking in cheap poetics of the need for one strong



man, the need for a despot or dictator? Such vague talk comes to absolutely nothing; and dictator hunting is as likely to lead to anything real or substantial as the Wiltshire moonrakers were likely to find cheeses at the bottom of the pond.

Let the new Government have a fair chance and a little breathing space, and we believe that it may work up into an effective and powerful instrument. But we shall be asked: "What about National and Compulsory Service? Is not that the one supreme matter in the mind of every man at the present time, whether he desires or whether he detests it? And how can the Government be described as promising or at all hold if it does not immediately force that great matter forward and bring in the Bill?" These enquiries, we have noticed with some amusement, seem to be specially agitating the style of patriot who studiously stood aloof from the question of obligatory service all through the late autumn and winter, when it was not at all a popular or "safe" subject, and who seems indeed not to have fully awakened to the importance of the matter till about the time the Coalition Government was being formed, when it had become clear that the trend on the Unionist side was at length very, very distinctly towards the step. This is the style of patriot who, if obligatory service now received—what it is not in the least likely to receive—a setback in popularity, would promptly re-discover himself quite an ardent voluntarist. He is a rather widely distributed patriot; and, we must add, he is not unrepresented in the Press. He has a notable agility, we have observed, in the business of adjusting his opinions to the weathercock.

It is *not* a fact that the new Government shows itself a weak Government or an unpromising Government because it has not yet tackled the main question; and if those members of it who believe with Lord Lansdowne that the voluntary system, so called, is unfair, and blocks the path to scientific national organisation, were to force or rush the matter now, outright and forthwith, they would act in a blundering manner. We cannot help thinking of Rowcliffe, the butcher of Tavistock, and Palmerston, and may adjust his famous question as to the Reform Bill with Palmerston's famous reply to the present occasion thus: Question: "Why don't you Unionist members of the Government bring in compulsion now?" Answer: "Because we're not geese."

Let us remember that, later, a Reform Bill was brought in and carried.

We believe that, given a fair chance, the new Government may prove itself presently quite equal to the task; and it is a hopeful sign that much latitude and give-and-take exist, clearly, in regard to this great question in the Cabinet itself. Lord Lansdowne's exceedingly outright speech on the subject in the House of Lords on Tuesday shows there is latitude and broadmindedness in the Cabinet in this matter: we should expect this with Mr. Asquith leading, for his management of men has been excelled by no Prime Minister. Lord Curzon's outspoken speech last week on another question points to the same thing. This is entirely to the good. It will, we believe, not dissipate but integrate the growing confidence and understanding between the two wings in the Government. Things are looking far more promising for the long-deferred move towards scientific and national organisation, for the fair, bold, and straight step so much desired, than they have looked since the war began. Hence we counsel patience and the quiet continuance of steady spade work.

## THE KING'S SHIPS.

THE visit of the King to his Fleet has turned the thoughts of many this week towards the British Navy. Perhaps our thoughts, normally, are less than they should be with the men and ships of the Fleet. The work of the Fleet is a silent and steady thing, of which almost nothing can be said in print. Since the seas were cleared of the enemy's raiding cruisers the British Fleet, save for the part it is playing at the Dardanelles, has been rarely mentioned. It is a mighty weapon whose mere readiness to strike has hitherto sufficed to keep the main fleet of the enemy idle within his defences. Every ship that arrives within our harbours, every company transported to the seat of war, every moment of our lives passed in a fighting security, is a witness to the vigilance and efficiency of the British Fleet. Paradoxically it is this very completeness of its might and of its hard-won success which makes us appear at times unmindful of its presence. We take it for granted that the Navy is watching and ruling the seas. We have so thoroughly grasped the idea that the Navy is essential to our existence, and that, without the Navy, there could not be, for us, a war at all, that we do not think of it as a fact necessary to be repeated. This is natural; and it is, perhaps, the sort of compliment the Navy likes best to receive. How many times has one not heard it said, after much careful reckoning of our losses or advantages, that whatever else may be amiss, there is always the Navy—the Navy into which we have for a generation poured treasures of skill and wealth and manhood; whose brave and alert vigil tends, amid all the chances of war, to be taken by the country as a thing of course. We take the Navy for granted. The British Fleet is the *caroccio* of our people. We cannot afford to admit that disaster is able to touch it; it is the last place where we would look for any tolerated weakness. The British people rightly has an absolute trust, a silent and unquestioning faith, in the British Fleet. Nevertheless we should not, perhaps, forget that this attitude, though in itself it is a high tribute to the British Navy, ought not to be allowed to check altogether an occasional expression of our debt. It is true that the supremacy of the British Fleet is a thing of course—a root fact on which all our power is built of sharing at all in the war. But we must sometimes find time to remember—as the King has just remembered—that this supremacy is a feat remarkable in history and only possible owing to the endurance, fortitude and skill of thousands of devoted men who risk their lives every day in the country's service.

When it is said that the Navy cannot win the war, that we have to meet the enemy on land, and to that end must strain every nerve to put armies in the field—this implies no questioning of the fact that it is to the Navy we owe our lives and ultimately our fighting power. Though the Fleet is our security and our chief possession, it cannot come up out of the sea and strike the blow which will bring Germany to admit defeat. The old relation of sea power to land power in our history has again been affirmed. The Fleet enables us to rest secure in our own house; but to deal with a powerful enemy on land we have to meet him in the field. Even if we were to regard this war from the most selfish point of view, without reference to the Allies we have sworn to help to the last of our wealth and manhood, we should yet be compelled for our own security to supplement the Fleet with armies; for the Fleet without armies cannot reasonably be asked to fulfil the very purpose of its being. The purpose of our Fleet—splendidly fulfilled for generations—is to ensure that Great Britain shall remain an island. To-day that is no longer possible without armies. Under modern conditions we could hardly describe Great Britain, in a strategic sense, as an island if there were a powerful and victorious enemy lodged, say, just over the water at Calais. It is not a question of Continental adventure—this raising of armies to meet the enemy on land. It is a question of supporting the Fleet in the exercise of its historic purpose. There is no con-

flict of purpose and no rivalry between the Services to-day. Sailors are well content that the public mind should be concentrated upon the furnishing and equipping of a land force. The Fleet now looks eagerly to be supplemented upon land. Its own machine was equipped and ready at the outbreak of war. It has done all that was expected of it, not merely without parade, but the greater part of it in absolute secrecy. For the greater proportion of the public the British Fleet has figured as a giant who has put on the invisible cap of the legend and strides about our coasts and waters paralysing the enemy with a sense that he, though unseen, is everywhere.

The Fleet is our security and our livelihood, whereas our armies are an adventure—an adventure essential to our honour and essential to victory; but, still, an adventure, containing all the elements of novelty and surprise. These elements we could not endure to think of as belonging to the Fleet. The Fleet we must regard as a bed-rock surety. It is our daily bread. The very reasons which give to it a first and an impregnable place in our thoughts are also the reasons why we talk and write so little about it. People do not discourse upon the air they breathe or consider loudly the blood which is in their veins. There is a word frequently used by naval correspondents which admirably illustrates the spirit of the Navy and its attitude towards its own achievements. The recent destruction of the "Königsberg", for example, in the Rufigi River, an account of which has this week reached the Press, is described as a thoroughly "satisfactory" affair. "Satisfactory" it certainly is as illustrating the matter-of-course efficiency of the Fleet in small enterprises as in great—an efficiency whose remarkable character and achievements are accepted as not in the least extraordinary by the men who make and man the Navy. The destruction of the "Königsberg" is "satisfactory" in the same way as Admiral Beatty's battle in the North Sea was "satisfactory", the defeat of Admiral von Spee, the continuous transport of our troops, or the co-operation off Flanders or Gallipoli of the Navy with the Army. Despite the warfare by submarine upon British and neutral commerce—a warfare whose character is itself a witness to the completeness of our sea supremacy—it can be said without exaggeration that mastery of the sea was never so rapidly won in any war of the past between nations with a claim to count upon the water as Great Britain's mastery of the five oceans to-day. The one thing that the German Fleet feels competent to do by sea is to sink passenger and trading vessels without warning. To warn our merchantmen, the German Government pleads, is impossible, because the presence of a German vessel for half-an-hour upon the surface of the water would be dangerous. However seriously we regard the possibilities of warfare by submarine, the acknowledgment it implies that the seas are in the keeping of the British Fleet is "satisfactory".

The King's visit to the Fleet, whose life and work he knows so well, carries to our sailors an assurance, if it were needed, that the country's thoughts and wishes are with them, though we can only very darkly follow their silent watching. The strain and monotony of perpetually expecting an enemy, the stern routine of precaution and instant readiness, must severely try the endurance and spirits of the men. They have to guard against that staleness which is the worst enemy of the athlete trained against the day of proof. At the top of their form the supreme contest is again and again denied them, and they have to keep patient and fresh, to allow none of the fine edge of their enthusiasm and efficiency to be blunted. Perhaps it will help them sometimes to be told the thing we take for granted. Let us sometimes put the unspoken thought into words. We are in the hands of the Fleet. The heart of our safety lies where Admiral Jellicoe and his ships are waiting.

#### FOR PRUSSIA AND FOR PEACE.

THE National Labour Press, Limited, of London and Manchester, has published a dangerous tract called "Peace at Once". The author is Mr. Clive Bell. If Mr. Bell were nothing more than a pacifist, a mere dreamer cheated by his own delusions, there would be no need to tell the Government that he and his publishers are insidiously harmful to the pledge of loyalty given by the British Empire to four Allies, three of whom have suffered infinite wrongs. Mere pacifists have lost their influence, eleven months of war having taught our countrymen that cooing over peace and neglecting military defence are disastrous follies. But this particular pamphlet represents a large body of literature spread about by organised propagandists. We should not notice it as an isolated publication; but it is unfortunately typical of a species. Moreover, Mr. Clive Bell is exceedingly astute, pleading his cause with an adroit strategy fitted to outwit emotional readers who have never passed half-an-hour in consecutive thinking. From them he hopes to snatch a verdict in favour of peace, and few barristers have possessed what he has acquired—a very intimate familiarity with the drama of half-thought and prejudice that fevers undisciplined minds when they are sorrow-laden and scared. To-day a great many minds are sorrow-laden, and Mr. Clive Bell, with his uncanny knowledge of emotional weakness, hopes that he may do the scaring unhindered by an overworked Government.

His methods are much abler than those of the intellectuals who are Germany's English friends. Dr. Conybeare has found wisdom and repentance in long-delayed second thoughts, and Germans alone have been attracted by his devious prattle. Then, of course, there is Mr. Lowes Dickinson. Mr. G. G. Coulton is a schoolmaster to Mr. Dickinson in an excellent tract on "Pacifist Illusions: A Criticism of the Union of Democratic Control". Possibly Mr. Dickinson may charm a noodle here and there. His new misadventure—an article in the current number of the "Atlantic Monthly"—has the fizzle of damp squibs and crackers; and never does he make his appeal with art to any big section of the public. He writes for Mr. Dickinson, and Mr. Dickinson yearns to save Germany from humiliation. Certain mild corrections she does merit, but her sensitive feelings plead for a diplomacy of medicated cotton-wool. Since Belgium has been scorched in a fiery martyrdom, Mr. Dickinson admits that Germany must give up her ravaged conquest, and that Belgium must receive "such compensation as money can give". Yes; but if German pride is humbled by just punishment, then Germany will plot and plan war against her indiscreet judges. This childish argument comes trippingly from our intellectuals, as if Germany, after her Bismarckian victories, did not begin at once to prepare for other and vaster triumphs. To be merciful to crime is to be cowardly to honour and justice; and we may all be certain that our Allies have learnt from their horrible sufferings the difference between justice and sentimentalism. Let Mr. Dickinson go to the invaded Departments of France. What he needs at once and in full measure is experience at first hand. He is charmed at present by cobwebs of the study, and his imagination is very feeble. To him, martyrdom is a word, not a vile tragedy of eleven months teeming with barbaric wickedness.

Mr. Clive Bell is possessed by the same blindness of intellect, but he knows his limits and gives his whole attention to a peculiar rhetoric, simple and dramatic, chatty and familiar, and thronged with suggestions. He whispers to the weak, to the grief-stricken, and to the slackers old and young; whispers flatteringly, profusely, and with that dramatising art which gives to bad arguments a fluent ease and a home in the passions to which they are addressed. Mr. Clive Bell knows all the ingredients in that human gunpowder which explodes with such various effects during the social improvisations called revolts and revolutions. Sorrow, poverty, love of ease, fear of



the present, old wrongs, fierce prejudices, impudent ignorance, class bitterness, inborn weakness, hypocrisy, and dread of the years to come—he appeals to all of them in a make-believe of frank good sense, very careful to plead always that any sort of peace at once would benefit British families. No man knows better than he that insistent suggestion and repeated statements control uneducated minds.

And there is another important thing known to Mr. Clive Bell. He knows that Press criticism alone cannot harm him. Only the Government can put him down without aiding the circulation of his appeal. The publication of his tract by the National Labour Press has for its aim a testing of the official attitude towards all such propaganda. Many other similar tracts will be published if this one is not suppressed; and a dozen such tracts, distributed to the poorer households in England, would be a German invasion of the least expensive sort to Germany. This may seem an exaggerated way of putting the effect of this pamphlet; but a few quotations will show the description to be justified. "We are told that the world will gain a great deal by the defeat of Germany; for those prospective, and I think problematical, blessings we know that it is paying a horrible price." "Let us see to it that the world is not being cheated. How much, then, are we willing to pay, and to make the world pay, for having the Germans smashed? And what chance is there of getting the Germans smashed at any price that we are willing to pay? The man who cut his nose off to spite his face is become a proverbial fool. The very honest ironmonger of Hammersmith who blew up his house to exterminate the vermin is less known but not much more admired." "Imagination boggles at the vision of a score of gentlemen—every one of them above military age, or secure at any rate from military risk—sitting round a table and deciding that another half-million young men must be butchered." Imagine the working of this propaganda in a poor household which has just lost at the Front its breadwinner or a son. There are fifty pages of crescendo pleading, and every one of them is well addressed. "Our hopes are wrecked", he whispers to workmen and their wives. "Let us try to save those of our children". . . . "Would the average Englishman rather be dead than have a German policeman round the corner?" "Does the ordinary artisan willingly sacrifice all hope of a finer, freer, and more spacious life lest he should be compelled to pay rent and taxes in marks instead of shillings? Would he rather kill and die than have his children taught German?"

"Belgium has been conquered", he mutters quietly, as if a chicken had been crushed by a motor-trolley. But "the Germans would evacuate Belgium to-morrow on terms—on condition that the rest of Europe should recognise the plain fact that Germany is growing up and needs elbow-room". Besides, "the inhabitants of this little village where I am writing" showed "frantic joy" "on the morning of May 13", not because "the German fleet had been sent to the bottom", but because "the rain had come and the gardens were saved. Those are the things about which we in the country feel real emotions. The fate of Belgium leaves us comparatively cold". . . . Let fools "babble of National Honour"—"an abstraction". "Let us try to think of something quite real, James Smith, a gardener, his wife and three children", "his life and death, hunger and thirst, health and sickness, wants, appetites and amusements, of his prestige too, and his eternal disgrace". "Bearing in mind this fact, that a nation is nothing but a collection of individuals, let us inquire what the individual stands to gain by war or to lose by peace". To scare the household heart, Mr. Clive Bell believes, is to prove that an immediate peace bought from Germany by a cringing cowardice "would be to the advantage of the inhabitants of Europe".

We note that the Navy is praised by this islander as invincible, so he is able to whisper safety as well as cowardice into the minds of his chosen households. Why suffer more when you are safe? he argues to uneducated Smiths. Terrible years will come to you,

of course, even if peace be declared to-morrow. Take care. "You want to smash Germany to save the world: you do not want to smash the world on the chance of smashing Germany with it." "Competent judges hold that within twelve months three-quarters of the population of the belligerent countries may have to go to bed hungry." Besides, Germany has been misunderstood. "Before the war English and German and French operatives were beginning to see quite clearly that their ambitions were identical, and that, in existing circumstances, they could realise them only at the expense of English, German, and French employers." "Also the evils of war are far greater than the evils of German preponderance could conceivably be." "What sort of terms should the British Government offer? *They must be such as the more reasonable part of the German nation would be willing to accept.* To offer anything else would be murderous fooling. . . ."

The Government will assuredly have to move sternly against this kind of publication, which is growing far too bold.

#### THE UNPLEASANT HABIT OF GUSH.

GROANS are a disagreeable symptom in time of war, but there is a much worse symptom—namely, the state of mind known as gush. After all, unpleasant as it is to hear groans, we cannot overlook the truth that through the discipline of groans many of the greatest and most enduring works in the world have been wrought and many of the noblest spiritual tasks carried through. In groans, if in suppressed and silent ones—for men may groan inwardly, secretly, in spirit not less than outwardly by voice or by pen—the master martyrs of the world have lived and died. In groans the greatest victories have been often won on the field of battle, and in groans the heaviest defeats have often been most heroically borne. In art it is doubtful whether much, if anything, of rare worth and endurance has been done in any age save with groans, inward it is very likely, but not the less for that signifying agony of spirit—with sometimes agony of body also. Genius may in a few extraordinary instances have dashed off in sudden easy inspiration great works without the smallest wrestling and travail of spirit, dashed them off without troubling—through a long discipline of labour and groans, doubts, fears and wracking anxiety—to study out by long preparation its wonderful creations. Perhaps now and then a divine lyric has come to a great poet in a flash. But such instances have been very rare, the strange, obscure exceptions; for the rule is in all branches of art—literature, painting, sculpture, and the drama—that a man shall excel only through travail and a long and constant groaning of the spirit.

So much for groans; but what of gush? The subject is to the point now because in too many quarters there is a tendency not to groan, but to gush; and unless it is checked it may grow and become generally distributed, to the injury of the country. The kind of gush one is thinking of is the windiness that is fond of repeating and swelling over "This great country, sir, on which the sun never sets, is absolutely at one in its determination to march straight to victory"; or that "the great heart of the People is one heart, beating in glorious unison, gentlemen". "In the hour of danger every Englishman would give the lives of himself and his dear ones freely and generously for his country", exclaimed Mr. Hobhouse, M.P., with swelling emotion the other day in a platform effort; in the course of which effort he declaimed against the terrific bogey which he and his friends term "conscription"—the bogey which Australia and New Zealand have adopted among other countries. So much for the gushing habit. It is the form of gush which we associate with swelling chests and pompous strides and hands laid on heart; with a great deal of that self-laudatory—"laudatory" is a more exact and expressive word in this connection than the simple and unswelled one of praise—habit



which old Durdles warned egregious Sapsea against in Dickens's "Edwin Drood". It is windiness and emptiness, and incites the public to pose before the mirror and admire itself prodigiously. This is not only an absurd and displeasing habit, but it is in time of war a dangerous one. It is akin, though not identical, with what is boasted of as "optimism"—which is not optimism at all, but a butting of thick heads against hard facts; we mean the absurd habit of regarding clear enough defeats or set-backs in the light of strategical movements to the rear or as deferred victories. Gush and so-called "optimism" serve no good ends whatever, so far as one can observe. They may help to buoy up people for a time. They may act as a kind of bladder; but, on the bladder being presently pricked and burst, those who have trusted themselves to it—"like little wanton boys that swim on bladders"—are badly let down. Despondency waits on those who venture out into the waters of life, notably into the very deep waters of war, propping themselves up on these flimsy supports.

Do not let us gush about every man and woman "in these Islands, Sir", only asking the Government to come and fetch him or her, for it is not a fact: it is better to restrict ourselves to the sober truth, which is that undoubtedly there really are now a great number of people ready to be fetched, ready to go anywhere and do anything in reason for the country. Also let us drop the other habit of butting our heads, however thick these may be, against hard rock and affecting to regard this substance as "a soft thing" for ourselves. It would be well at the same time to cease the rather puerile pretence that those who do not gush and artificially enthuse, and who do not perceive any merit or use in driving their heads into hard rock, are "pessimists". It was not pessimism at all to disbelieve the lies of three months ago that the Turks were "packing up" and out on the chimney-stacks at Constantinople craning their necks to see the smoke from the Fleet preparatory to a general bolt into the fastnesses of Asia Minor: nor was it pessimism to disbelieve in the lies of six months ago that the German War Staff was already commandeering the kettles or keyholes for copper. It was common sense not to believe these stories, though we were pursued by them day after day. Equally, it was not "pessimism", but common sense to disbelieve the hoax that completely took in two or three credulous London papers a few months ago, namely, that hunger was pinching Berlin, and that bread riots were imminent—the hoax which deceived so many people because they wished to be deceived and paid gladly their penny a day or halfpenny a day to be deceived.

The way, most assuredly, to beat the Germans is not to go out on bladders to engage them, for on such craft it is not possible to mount heavy enough guns or to provide enough ammunition.

## THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 50) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

THE DARDANELLES.

### I.

THE brilliant official record of the landing of our forces and those of our Ally upon the fringe of the shores that guard the mouth of the Dardanelles will send a thrill of pride throughout the Empire. We have, in Sir Ian Hamilton, a soldier chief who can wield the pen and the sword with equal ability. And yet a tinge of pain must accompany the thoughts of the careful reader of the story as described in the despatch. A strategy that ordained the destruction of a naval base and a naval waterway by sea power alone was doomed to failure. The ships came and saw and were conquered. The armies with indomitable courage have, as they have done before, made good the mistakes of faulty strategy, but at a telling price. The triumph is not yet.

It is as well to follow the movements of the General as recorded in his despatch and his subsequent directions for further action. It is interesting to note that on his arrival on 17 March at Tenedos about noon a conference between the admirals and commanders of the Allied Forces was held. "At this conference past difficulties were explained to me and a decision to make a fresh (naval) attack was announced." We know the tale of the attempt of the Narrows on the following day, and the sad loss of three battleships to the fleets of the Allies. The General who "witnessed these stupendous events" on 18 March with quick decision cables for military forces. In the interval of the request for an Army and of its arrival the Commander had leisure to make his reconnaissance with the Admiral with a view of deciding upon the combined land and sea strategy that would promise success for the operation required. In the same interval the enemy was given the opportunity for a dress rehearsal of the real play on a variety of stages. As days and weeks passed the Turk was destined to become more and more battle-perfect, working as he did under the guidance of the most able stage-managers of war.

Armchair strategists will argue all the pros and cons which should dictate the point of initial attack for a purpose which has at stake a manifold object. Geographical and hydrographical considerations tempered with meteorological conditions govern the selection of the naval share in combined land and sea operations once the command of the sea has been assured. Geographical and physical conditions of the terrain combined with artificial features are the considerations which weigh in the mind of the general and his land forces, and the allotment of the task must be proportionate to the means and numbers at his disposal. And be it remembered that the defensive has beaten the attack in modern war where anything approaching even numbers have encountered. What, therefore, can afford a ray of hope to success over a well-matured and prepared defensive but superlative numbers and overpowering gun fire? For an island power, the centre of a great and scattered Empire, the study of an oversea offensive problem of war is of necessity a great and complicated matter. Especially difficult is the task when from distant parts of that Empire are gathered troops in their thousands, strangers to one another, strangers to their supreme chief, raised, paid, organised and equipped under systems which are diverse. Add an entirely foreign element to this gathering, with forces speaking a strange tongue and with a totally different administration, and you accentuate the embarrassment which must hamper the smooth gearing of a war machine.

Sea command, which in the circumstances under review is assured, has to be followed by disembarkation, an infinitely more difficult process than detrainment. Nothing but constant practice and the exercise of tact and patience between the sea and land Services can surmount the difficulties which present themselves when opposition is anticipated. No amount of rehearsals under peace conditions can accurately forestall all the rocks and shoals, tides and currents, which may be encountered at the point selected as indispensable for military action. Nothing but minute and precise hydrographic reconnaissance can promise the landing parties a fair field for their first efforts. And chief thing of all, which commands the situation, is the weather.

We can picture the leader to whom this great task is committed weighing in his mind the alternatives of strategy which present chances of success. One trouble he is spared, the anxiety of the strategic concentration of his transports, really a matter of concern for his coadjutor the naval chief, but a trouble removed by the significant term "sea power". He is afforded a lengthy coastline for selection, and awaits approval from his naval technical adviser.

Railways, which are such a great feature in modern war, might attract the eye of the strategist to a landing at Smyrna, make good a base, and use the northern route by way of Manissa to the Sea of Mar-

mora. This railway, which terminates at Panderma on the Sea of Marmora, turns the Asiatic defences of the Dardanelles. Security would only be entailed by holding the land to the west, an operation which would require a large force. On the other hand a friendly population would be met, mainly of refugees and Greeks transplanted from the lost Balkan provinces of Turkey. Insufficient strength in numbers for this purpose would probably rule the idea from the mind of a commander; but, as pointed out in a previous letter, the possession of the Asiatic shore of the channel would appear to be imperative to success.

## II.

Turning to the northern sphere of the strategic area, the town of Enos, which stands at the mouth of the River Maritza, the new frontier between Turkey and Bulgaria, has the merit of possessing a harbour which would afford a base for offensive purposes, yet the rugged natural features of the neighbouring country to the East present difficulties which are almost insurmountable. It is true that a military road runs along a great part of the northern shores of the Gulf of Saros and that there are facilities for landing in many places, but the sea fringe bristles with defensive posts, in rear of which frown high scrub-covered hills, all of which would have to be captured and held while the main force was pushing eastward to its objective at the Isthmus of Bulair. A projected landing in the neighbourhood of Bulair itself would be ruled out by a naval coadjutor for two main reasons—shallow water for his covering ships of war and the configuration of the coast line, which forms a re-entering angle, thus affording opportunity for long-range converging fire upon his decks. The effective co-operation of gun fire from ships to cover the landing of a military force is proportionate to the range. The closer the guns can be anchored to the shore the less chance of danger to the attackers you are supporting and the greater the chance of deadly and drenching fire of shrapnel upon the enemy. On the other hand a high steep coast necessitates the ships standing farther away to allow of the proper laying of the guns. The flat trajectories of modern naval guns do not permit of real high-angle fire such as does a howitzer.

The Gallipoli Peninsula is a tongue of land of a broken, hilly character, which, owing to lack of water, and consequent lack of population and roads, is distinctly one unfavourable for military operations. The western coastline, which is high and steep, offers no good landing place provided with easy roads into the interior until the upper end of the Narrows is reached. It is this point in the channel of the Dardanelles that forms the first stage in the objective of the naval and military problem.

It is as well to have thus briefly enumerated the alternative choices in strategy that must have weighed in the mind of the Commander of the Expeditionary Force, especially so in view of the military means which are placed at his disposal for the service, and also in the event of a further reinforcement of troops being allotted for his purpose. A channel implies two shores, and the difficulties of through sea transit which have to be overcome will be lessened if the Asiatic littoral is in the hands of the Allies. A passage may be forced by the possession of one coast alone, but communications cannot be said to be safeguarded without the retention of both.

We have to deal with some 250,000 good enemy soldiers under German leaders, equipped with modern armament, and directed under their guiding hand. The problem is vastly different from the one we undertook in 1807, when our fleet arrived before the gates of the Golden Horn in such a battered condition as to be practically powerless to achieve its object.

The combined oversea operation to which we are now committed in the Dardanelles, with the employment of modern ships, modern weapons, and all the appliances for war which science has evolved, opens a brand new page of history. It only wants a preliminary naval battle to make it a masterpiece of effort.

The sway of the oceans has saved us this trial, though under-water perils are ever before the seaman.

We are fortunate that in the task before us its conduct is committed to the hands of two staunch leaders on their respective elements, and that once they were committed in co-operation the two Services worked in a perfect harmony. We are doubly fortunate that in the Chief Commander we have an officer who ten years ago had practical experience of a similar combined operation in the seas of Japan.

It is nothing short of pitiful to read in the despatch that after an experience of eight months of war the transports that conveyed an army overseas were so defectively loaded with troops and their war material that the whole operation had again to be carried out at the distant port of Alexandria. The most simple-minded layman will realise how a badly organised system which allows the body of a gun-carriage to travel in one ship, the wheels in another, the metal in a third, the shells in a fourth, the men in a fifth, and the horses in another can absolutely frustrate the actions of an army when suddenly called upon to disembark on the threshold of an enemy shore. This picture, which, of course, is exaggerated, is presented to show how operations can be thrown completely out of gear by the smallest flaw in the loading of a transport carrying troops destined for surprise hostilities, and how such work is a duty requiring expert supervision by both naval and military officials, the first of whom will direct the stowing of the cargo and the latter will see that what goes into the ship's bottom is that which is required last on disembarkation. It is imperative that the men can with confidence start upon their task by the exercise of a forethought which has made any chance of hitch quite fool-proof. Sir Ian Hamilton in his despatch apportions no blame for the initial difficulty thrown in his path. He had to choose between throwing his army like a box of spillikins upon the shores of the peninsula, and thereby asking for defeat, or removing the fleet of transports to a fresh base for resorting and repacking. He chose wisely, but the interval between the 17 March and his return to the Ægean Sea on the 25 April was not lost by the enemy.

We may, however, rest assured that the time consumed in the redistribution of men and material at the port of Alexandria was well spent. Our General, like his predecessors in history, Moore and Abercrombie, both leaders of oversea expeditions to the shores of Egypt, would, like those brilliant men, practise his troops daily with rigid rehearsals in the trials and difficulties of embarking and debarking on hostile shores. The lessons and experiences repaid him well, and he tells the story of his reward in glowing language.

## III.

The reader will be repaid if he follows on the accompanying map the outline of the alternative strategy offered to the commander as presented in the inset small scale map, and the tactical task which he has set himself as shown upon that on the larger scale.

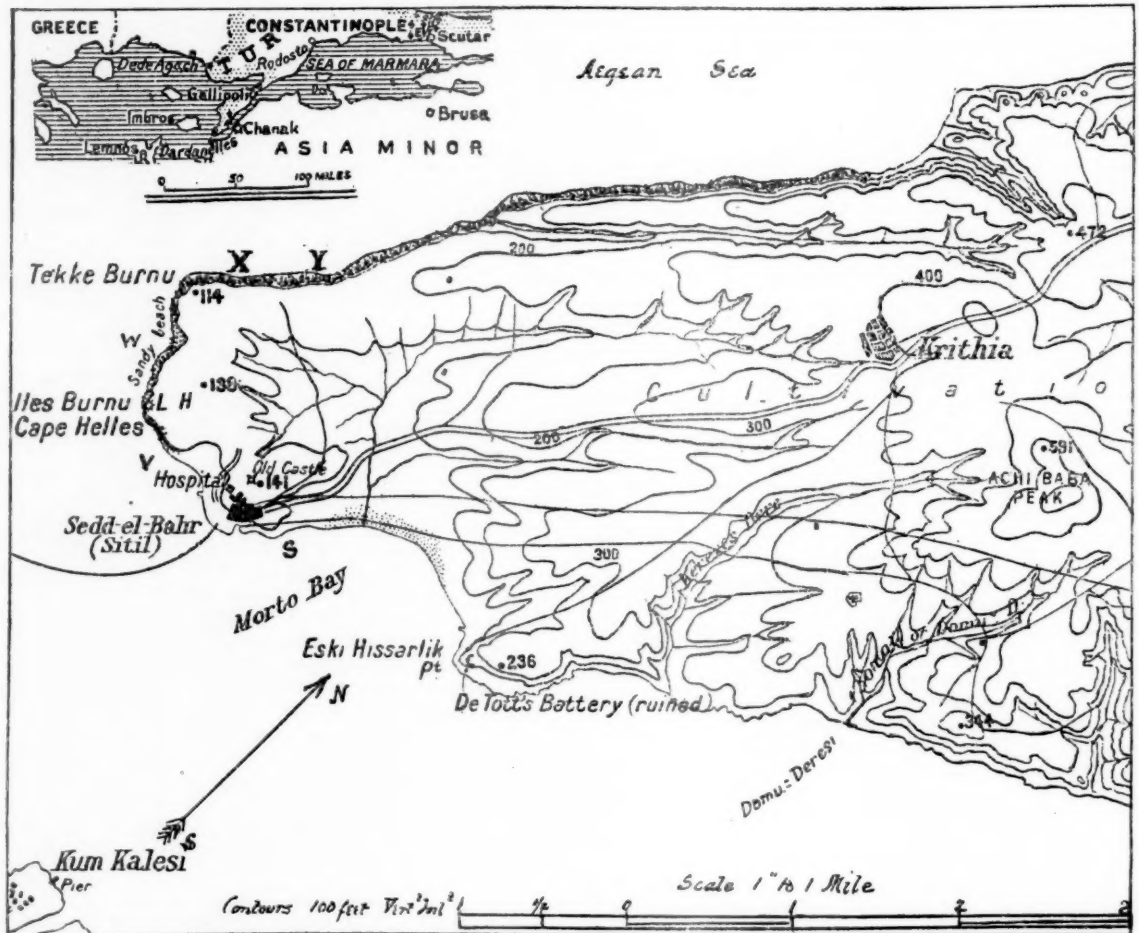
The reading of a military map is an acquired art. There are and have been great commanders who have never mastered the art, but by carefully following the table of reference which interprets the features of a country the difficulty may be overcome. Maps are usually presented to a reader with the features and nomenclature from the top to bottom, pointing north and south. Where not so drawn (as in the attached) the map should be oriented or turned, so that the arrow points to the north. Military reports which deal with actions, as a rule commence the story of the dispositions starting from the north to the south and from the east to the west, and, in the narrative, compass bearings from tactical positions are given to assist explanation of minor tactical operations. In the present war, mapping has assumed a high art, a craft that we have been driven to learn from our enemies, who came into the field with perfect plans on a large scale of the theatre of intended operations. By means of these

maps and highly sensitive compass telescopes all gun-laying has been done, at the extreme ranges which we have read of, with almost perfect impunity to the gun crews. The artillery commander miles away from his weapons alone sees the target, and with his telephone directs the fire from his guns laid by compass bearing to the objective and controls the expenditure of ammunition. The airman, his auxiliary observer, materially assists by signalling the nature of a target and "spotting" the effect of the shell fire.

In the accompanying military map a table of reference will enable the reader to follow the story, and as the operations progress to the north and elsewhere it is as well to retain the map to annex to future sheets. The sheet does not include the landing place of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps.

the contours are in a map the steeper is the gradient in the ground represented.

To attempt to enlarge upon the story of the Commander as given by him officially to the world would be to attempt to paint the lily. Subsequent pages from another pen have added brilliant chapters to the narrative. We shall not be starved for news from the Dardanelles to the extent that we have been trained nearer home. The Commander of the Expedition is himself an author, and his sympathies are with the craft. Sir Ian Hamilton is a man of action and imagination, with a mind strongly tinged with the poetic. We see the stimulant of the atmosphere of the neighbouring plains of the Troad, and the reaction upon his brain which devised a repetition upon the waters of the Hellespont of the ruse attempted on land



#### REFERENCE.

Roads passable for wheeled traffic	=====
Mule track	-----
Telegraph	-----+-----
Heights in ft. above sea level	282
Burnu	Cape
Char	Stream
Tepe	Hill
Chif	Farm
Dagh	Mountain
Dere	Valley with stream
Keni	Town
Liman	Harbour
Tekke	Moslem shrine

Approximate contours at 100 ft. vertical interval.

Contours are distracting to a map-reader, and burden the plan with lines, but they are indispensable to accurate delineation of the terrain. Where a numeral is shown on a contour, by following the line of that contour the form of the country can be read as in perspective. It is superfluous to add that the closer

by a hero of old. And why not? For where could better material in the whole modern world be found for such purpose than among the soldiers of an amphibious Power?

The Commander in his despatch fully appreciates the tactical difficulties with which he is confronted. He sees before him the three dominating features in the southern section of the peninsula that have to be surmounted: the Saribari Mountain and network of jungle and ravines running to a height of 970 ft.; the Kilid Bahr plateau heavily fortified to a height of 700 ft., covering the forts below that guard the channel of the Narrows; lastly, Achi Baba, the peak commanding the toe of the peninsula at its southern extremity.

#### IV.

The story of the landing on the five beaches will live in history as a splendid feat of arms. The simultaneous action on five different spots speaks for the triumph of co-operation between the two Services and for the tactical insight of the director. At only one point does the convoy of lighters and cutters with their



burden take a wrong direction, and fortunately so, for at the point Y in the map a veritable hornet's nest had been prepared by the enemy. Steering to a bluff some two miles farther north, the party detailed found little opposition, scaled the heights, and made good a foothold, and it is as well to note that, although the landing there was ultimately unsuccessful, yet later on it was from this vantage point the ravine of the River Saghir Dere was secured, and the trench line that holds the defenders of the village of Krithia on the western side has consolidated the southern part of the iron girdle which it is our business to construct. The despatch deals fully with the part played by our Allies on the shores at Kum Kalesi and the heroism that marked the garrison of the River Clyde when the collier was hurled by its commander upon the beach near the old Fort of Sedd-el-Bahr. Few stories in military history will compare with the description given by the writer of the despatch of the desperate conflict that raged along the narrow shores upon which the gallant living freight of the stranded ship was called upon to act. The unforeseen power of a sea current which carried away the drifting lighters and their burden, added to the underwater perils of a hedge of barbed wire, could not fail to produce an effect which must disorganise the timetable of the best of staff work. The severity of the struggle on V beach is emphasised by the fact that units became intermingled, the commanding officers disabled, and cohesion for attack imperilled. A brave senior staff officer, who could ill be spared, sized up the situation in a moment, pulled the scattered units together, and by his inspiring example and intrepid courage saved the situation, but only at the cost of his own life.

Units of the Army and ships of the Navy have on the 25 April 1915 added lustre to the records of their history. None more so than the Lancashire Fusiliers by their landing at W beach and the close Nelson touch given by the "Implacable" to the enemy in the covering fire afforded to their soldier comrades at X beach. New history has been made by the gallant deeds of our sons in the family of nations that came from distant Australia and New Zealand, described in the despatch as "Irresistible Oversea Troops." New history has likewise been written in the blood of our gallant Territorials.

It would be foolish to maintain a tone of optimism for a speedy success in discussing the operations in the Dardanelles. We have already heard of the difficulties which our Allies have encountered in the sphere of action allotted to them on the south-eastern side of the peninsula, and the trials they have been called upon to face in their efforts up the valley of the Kereves Dere on the rugged path to the slopes of Achi Baba, with hostile gun fire on both front and back. The sooner we recognise that the Gallipoli Peninsula is one huge fortress, and that its defences are at present impervious to enfilade fire from artillery on the east, and the sooner we occupy the Asiatic littoral of the channel, the sooner will the task of our gallant Army be achieved. A foe that can hide his maxims, pom-poms, and snipers in every nook and niche of a rocky, broken country must be subjected to a fire that will drench him from all quarters ere he yields a step. The lesson in the East that we have to learn is precisely the one that we have hitherto failed to grasp in our great struggle in the West. Fire in overwhelming volume from all possible points will alone give opportunity for infantry, "the soul of the attack".

As our arms progress in the direction of the tactical task set by the commander, his difficulties will increase. The helpful fire from the fleets on the west of the peninsula will become more difficult to control and the hostile fire from the eastern shores of the channel will be afforded a chance to rake his advancing columns. If in the future sea communication is to be assured to the fleets and transports that are destined for the Golden Horn, surely it would be as well to

anticipate the insurance by active and immediate steps that would give us complete control over the double purpose of the land operation now in being and of the sea venture of the near future. This means, of course, men, and more men. It was, indeed, a misfortune that inadequate numbers necessitated the withdrawal of troops from Kum Kalesi and the abandonment of co-operation on the Asiatic littoral.

We can divine the bold and daring project that is in the mind of the commander by the tactical dispositions he has made and the subsequent direction given to his offensive. The possession of the channel by the enemy, however, tends to balk our commander of his prey and permit of those forces to reappear like a stage army at the several fortresses which Nature has built on the path which leads to the northern isthmus of the peninsula that guards the issues from the Ægean to the Sea of Marmora. A good knock-out blow has before now put an end to resistance in an enemy who has but a half heart in the contest, and empty magazines may hasten the issue. Let us pray for such a double event which may result in a collapse of Turkish power not dissimilar to the aftermath of Plevna.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

### THE IDEALIST AND WAR.

By J. HOLLAND ROSE.

#### I.

THE idealist is sometimes pictured as a round-shouldered creature, wearing green glasses and a scarlet tie, who prates about the Parliament of Man and the crimes of his own countrymen. The type is extant; and its utterances have a certain value as revelations of character. But its relation to the true idealist is that of a caricature to a *chef d'œuvre*. For he does not pose and grimace; his words are remarkable, not for irony, but for the simplicity and directness which spring from a deep sense of the pathos of life and the inner meaning of events. He is the *πομπής*, not the cynic, of the situation. If he deems his country's cause unjust, he will arraign it sorrowfully but fearlessly; if just, he will espouse it with an ardour rooted in a double love, that of right and that of country. It is the conjunction in him of these sometimes opposed forces that develops an influence of exceptional potency.

The problem as to the claims of justice and of country, which finds poignant expression in the writings of some of the Hebrew prophets, did not much trouble the thinkers of Greece. There, in the eager competition of city with city, war seemed in the natural order of things. Plato, in the "Republic", assumed that an expansive community would clash with its neighbours; and some of his remarks on the training of those human mastiffs, the Guardians of the Commonwealth, have an almost Bernhardt-like ring. So, too, Æschylus, Socrates, Sophocles, and Demosthenes fought for Athens, and doubtless considered military honour as their chief glory. Nowhere has the ideal of civic duty been set forth more radiantly than in the panegyric which Thucydides placed in the mouth of Pericles on the occasion of the Funeral Oration over the slain Athenian warriors: "More grievous, at least to a man of high spirit, is the misery which accompanies cowardice than the unfelt death which comes upon him at once in the bloom of his strength and of his hope for the common weal". Apart from the coarse appeals of Aristophanes for a return to the pleasures of peace, there are not many passages in the Greek writers which extol peace as in itself preferable to war.

The ultimate effect of Christian teaching is towards the inculcation of peace and brotherhood, but long ages were needed to bring about a clear perception of that truth. So long as all parts of the Bible were deemed to possess an exactly equal authority, its message respecting war was far from clear: witness

the action of Ulfilas in omitting from his translation of the Bible the Book of Kings as providing too stimulating a food for his bellicose Gothic converts. The glorification of wars of conquest in the Old Testament, together with some verses in the New Testament, fired many an intellect in the Middle Ages. Dante, in his "De Monarchia", set forth a curiously suggestive method of assuring peace. Mankind would attain that boon only through political unity, which must come through the triumph of the one infallible source of law and order, Rome. The world, distracted by tribal and dynastic aims, would bow the knee before the "holy Roman people". This is not peace as we think of it, the outcome of toleration of the infinite diversities of the human race. The conception is Cesarean rather than Christian. It lies at the root of that hapless experiment, the Holy Roman Empire. It nerved the more virile of the successors of Charlemagne, and reappeared finally in the claims to supremacy urged by Louis XIV., Napoleon I. and William II.

In later times idealists in many lands have unflinchingly protested against all such claims. As Nationality became, more or less consciously, the chief moulding force of politics, thinkers demanded the free and unfettered existence of their people; and, when waged in this cause, war became a veritable crusade. Jeanne d'Arc, the fathers of the Swiss and Dutch Republics, and the Elizabethan patriots were fired by this new devotion; and, under its stimulus, literature throbbed with a passion unknown before. Shakespeare and Milton sang its praises. The great Puritan sought to train up a race of heroes, and strove to infuse into the young "such an ingenuous and noble ardour as would not fail to make of them renowned and matchless men". He laughed at book learning, and decried the nerveless education in vogue at Alexandria no less than the merely animal training of the Spartan youth. Milton's ideal academy was "equally good for peace and war". That was his conception during the Civil War; and in the evil days that came with Charles II. the poet, through the lips of Adam, proclaimed his lament at the slothful degeneracy that he saw around him:

"I had hope,  
When violence was ceas'd, and war on earth,  
All would have then gone well; peace would have  
crown'd  
With length of happy days the race of man.  
But I was far deceiv'd! For now I see  
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste".

War under Cromwell was better than peace under Charles II. War for a worthy cause was preferable to a tame abnegation of that cause. So thought Milton; and he typified the new idealism which looked first to the cause and only secondly to the Fatherland. This, surely, is one of the chief contributions to the Christian teaching on war, which distinguished between the duty of the citizen and that of the believer. When the two united, the impact of the two converging convictions, as in the case of the Ironsides, was irresistible.

## II.

It was, therefore, to the shade of the great Puritan that his lineal successor turned in the hour of England's trial. Wordsworth penned his majestic sonnet,

"Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour",  
in 1802, the year of the Peace of Amiens. To his discerning eye the selfish riot of peacetime was more dangerous than the fierce strain of war; and he hailed as the ideal Englishman the poet who had turned aside from the glades of poesy to tread the stony path of political duty. Wordsworth's warning was disregarded. High living and very plain and tame political thinking subjected England, first to insult, then to hostilities, from Bonaparte. Yet the vision of Milton's unselfish devotion to the cause of freedom ceased not to inspire the Lake poet; and he poured forth sonnets that still stir the blood like a trumpet-call. Once more in these days of national crisis all that is best in our people will turn responsive to the same source of strength. Like many a thinker,

Wordsworth found inspiration in contact with Nature, or, during the winter, by communion with the mighty dead, and this lofty sensitiveness made him quick to note the fall of France from her spiritual leadership so soon as she surrendered herself to Napoleon:

"But now, become oppressors in their turn,  
Frenchmen had changed a war of self-defence  
For one of conquest, losing sight of all  
Which they had struggled for."

Accordingly his earlier enthusiasm for the French Revolution now changed to patriotic ardour in the cause of his country:

"For dearly must we prize thee, we who find  
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men".

The union of the two enthusiasms, philanthropic and patriotic, doubled the strength of Wordsworth; and through the dark years of the Napoleonic supremacy he continued to nerve his countrymen to their perilous task. The defeat or defection of Allies served but to stiffen the resolve of the stern dalesman. Thus, a month after Jena:

"Another year! another deadly blow,  
Another mighty Empire overthrown!  
And We are left, or shall be left, alone,  
The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.  
'Tis well! From this day forward we shall know  
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;  
That by our own right hands it must be wrought."

The three last glorious lines should be the watchword and inspiration of every patriot. That a former admirer of France could now sound forth this call to unending conflict told of a reversal of spiritual force that counts finally far more than mere numbers or equipment. The seer feels the future; he beholds peoples arising, armies forming, and, under their impact, an Empire breaking up. The fact that the poet of Nature, from his homely abode by Grasmere or Ullswater, sent forth defiance after defiance to the War Lord of the Continent was a token of final triumph. For the idealist is spiritually a super-man, in touch with forces which the many but dimly perceive. Like birds that feel the coming storm, he is aware of the convulsion of the elements that must overwhelm the efforts of a puny mortal. Wordsworth's contempt for Napoleon was unjust—

"I see one man, of men the meanest, too!  
Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo",

but it was symptomatic. Indignation against him as a renegade to democracy united with faith in the national cause, which the Corsican was also violating, to form a conviction proof against discouragement and disaster. In the dark days that followed Austerlitz, Jena and Friedland, when armies vanished and Allies fell away, the erstwhile placid dreamer of the Lakes incarnated the spirit of utter self-sacrifice and unending fortitude.

Schiller and Fichte in Germany, Wordsworth in England, were the barometers of the age. They had been inspired by all that was best in the French Revolution. Heralds of the dawn of human brotherhood, they still believed in its accomplishment after the overthrow of an aggressive Imperialism; and therefore, despite their love of peace, or rather for the sake of the surer peace which they saw ahead, they flung themselves wholeheartedly into the struggle for national liberty. Statesmen might bargain, generals might surrender, but these idealists never wavered. "Wilhelm Tell", "Die Reden an die deutsche Nation", "Sonnets dedicated to National Liberty and Independence"—these outpourings of the years 1803-10 are the first-fruits of a new spirit against which Napoleonic Imperialism struggles in vain.

By a tragic destiny the France of the Revolution linked her fortunes to those of a genius who resolved to dominate the world. By an equally tragic destiny Germany—the land of Schiller, Fichte, Goethe and Wagner—has placed her will and her formerly beneficent powers in the hands of a clique which blunder-



ingly imitates the great Corsican. The same Nemesis will follow. The thinkers, formerly ranged on her side, now declare against her. The professors and journalists who repeat the *mot d'ordre* of Berlin closely resemble the cohort of *littérateurs* ever intent on "educating" public opinion according to the Napoleonic drill-book. For a time this mobilisation of thought produces some effect, until the mechanical similarity of the product arouses suspicion and disgust.

Meanwhile the idealist was at work. Chateaubriand dared to remind his master that in vain Nero prospered, for Tacitus was born under the imperial régime. And now, once more, from among the German race, has arisen one who has arraigned the mad Imperialism of recent years. The author of "J'accuse" stands for all that is high-minded and philanthropic in the older Germany that has for a time vanished. His indictment of the Kaiser is a sign that German idealism is not wholly dead, even though it survives only in exile. The weatherwise will remember that Mme. de Staël and Chateaubriand penned in exile their protests against the Napoleonic despotism, which, even then, was cracking under the mad impulses of its creator.

### HERBS AND SAGES.

BY FRANCES CHESTERMAN.

THERE are two ways of approaching the old herbalists: the one by avenues of their own learning, the other by paths clean-swept of all they knew and worked at. It is fatally easy to discount the beginnings of science. "Let us never forget", says a writer on Theophrastus, "the debt we owe to those who first set flowing the streams of knowledge, or suppose that without the early labours of such pioneers into the dark recesses of the mysteries of nature we could ever have walked firmly along the highway that seems to us so broad and smooth".

So with medicine. Herbalism arose not from books but from the earth. It is the romance of the microcosmos, the philosophy of the universe, the beginnings of medicine. To recover the idea which informed the herbals it is necessary to become familiar with the works of sages—Aristotle and Hippocrates in particular—whose teaching upon elements and herbs was everywhere honoured and applied until barely two hundred and fifty years ago. Entertainment is procured from the old brown volumes through archaic style, fabulous lore, and many "a sentence of rare fancy"; but it is unfair to pronounce upon the authors "that they never seem to have taken much trouble over the experimental part of their profession or to have made any attempt to standardise the herbs they sold", as we have lately read in one book.

On the contrary, indeed, all herbs were severely tested and exactly classified after the system of Galen, who raised and extended the first method of "Divine Hippocrates". In procedure a tester proved unknown substances upon his own constitution, or "let loose" the doubtful element into another man's body while he stood by to watch the battle. In either case there resulted a recipe approved or a caveat entered. The good herb found place in herbals and in "Apothecaries' shoppes", the bad wrecked or destroyed, perhaps, a life. Private enterprise in this field was discouraged, and opprobrious names were hurled at those who dared to experiment. White hellebore, for instance, should "be given only with good heede and great advisement", those "grieved in their stomacks should by no means deal with it . . . wherefore those land leapers, Rogyes, and ignorant Asses do very evill, for they give it without discretion to al people". Certainly Dodonæus would have viewed with strong disfavour a modern author's project "to compound the ancient receipts for oneself as an irresponsible amateur, and watch their effect upon the health and spirits of one's guests or the stranger at one's gate". In practice in early days it was not enough to declare a headache and procure a remedy. The

constitution of the patient as regarded elemental proportion must be declared and consulted in the choice of remedy, since "things profitably given to those that are of a waterie", i.e., phlegmatic "disposition are utterly forbidden to those that have dry", i.e., choleric "constitutions".

The extraordinary precision of the herbalist's art is conclusively shown in a passage in Parkinson's "Theatre" upon the sale of "substitutes". The juice of the sloes for juice of acacia is under criticism. "Divers learned men in sundry places", proceeds the author, "have accounted the condensate juyce of Sumach or of Mirtles to be a better substitute, answering to the qualities of the Acacia in more than the juyce of Sloes doth; but substitutes had neede of much consideration and judgement, not only to be alike in the first qualities, i.e., a roote for a roote, a seede for a seede, a juyce or gum for a juyce or gum, etc. . . . but in second qualities also of a substitute, i.e., in heate and cold. . . . Yea and in the third quality likewise that they may answer as neere as may be possible the same degrees, that they neither want nor abound in any degree". Far, then, from dispensing earth's benefits with a careless hand, they sought out meaning in the smallest herb that grows, sounding after their ability the depths of its purpose, proving to the limits of their power the marvel of its being. Herbalism was not foolishness. Its art ensued naturally on the ancient theory that the universe and man, the macrocosmos and the microcosmos are linked together in closer ties of being and amity.

"Nothing hath got so far

But man hath caught and kept it as his prey.

His eyes dismount the highest star:

He is in little all the sphere.

Herbs gladly cure our flesh because that they  
Find their acquaintance there."

This theory unknown, obsolete herbalism must perforce be misprised or contemned.

It is of romance that the primal husbandman or shepherd conceived of a philosophy of medicine while plying the spade or keeping the flocks: that, tilling and sowing in the ground, or "sitting at a mountain's foot, a keeper and commander of poor beasts", man became contemplative of the universe that framed his small body, and, by consequence, thought upon his own body that held his spirit. Analogies were suggested: of earth and dust with flesh, of stones and rocks with bones. Then came considerations of the constitution and process of greater nature and the application of both to human and lesser nature. As men perceived the action of the four primary elements in the body of the world and marked that it was by their proportionable agreement that harmony prevailed therein, so they imagined that the four elemental qualities, viz., heat, cold, dryness, moisture; were to be recognised and brought into harmony in their human bodies. Let a due proportion of elements prevail, said the sage, and health is assured. This, briefly, was the elements theory: the theory of the herbalists, the disciples of Aristotle, of Hippocrates, and Galen.

The science of herbalism concerned the balance of qualities. A man's constitution being temperate he would maintain its temperance through temperate means, since "like maintains like". If, on the other hand, it appeared unequal, he would endeavour to bring about equality by applying heat to cold or cold to heat, after the doctrine of "Sympathy and Antipathy". "Antipathy and Sympathy", declared old Culpeper, "are two things upon which the whole model of medicine turns": and in so saying he applied the general law to the particular, for it was commonly held that upon those principles the whole of life turned.

Pliny is earnest upon "peace and warre in nature . . . whereupon the frame of this world dependeth, and whereby the course of all things else doth stand". To him, as to the latest Galenic herbalist, the earth seemed one vast camp of opposing forces, because



"in every coast and corner of the world there may be observed both sympathies and antipathies". With him, however, as with later naturalists, battles in the lower kingdoms might be observed with equanimity because it was established that fish, fowl, beasts, reptiles, plants, minerals, and stones all ministered, through mutual attraction and repulsion, to the benefit of man alone. Instances of the manner in which antipathies serve man are delightful. They open up the most romantic chapters in ancient medicine. The radish and laurel we learn are antidotes to drunkenness, and why? Pliny explains that it is because of secret enmity between the vine and these plants, an enmity so deep that "a man shall sensibly perceive it"—the vine—"to look heavily and mislike if those plants aforesaid grow not further off from it". The radish should claim to be a complete friend to man, its juice also being effectual when rubbed upon the hands of those about to "handle scorpions". Moreover, in extremity, it was said, "Doe but lay a radish upon a scorpion he will presently die".

### THE YOUNG RUSSIANS.

BY JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

IN hours of lassitude and dejection Wordsworth found momentary solace and refreshment in a vision of gleaming daffodils as he had seen them years before. Probably his everyday employment was not particularly onerous, and at the worst we may doubt whether he experienced the flatness, staleness, induced by sedentary work of an uninteresting kind on a dull day in drab streets. I mean that mood when all the faculties seem dulled, when all the poetry, romance, glamour, whatever we may call it, seems to be drawn out of life, and common things are merely common, and nothing has power to awake in us a thrill or a glow. Then a chance delicious phrase in a paper, like Miss Jane Barlow's reference to the "myriad wild roses . . . pure snowflakes"—some such touch of the free air and the depression goes; instantly we are alert and sensitive; and strangely our bodies share the transformation with our minds. Sometime when jaded the sound of raindrops dashed against my windows has miraculously brought back animation. Now, the bulk of the music produced in Western Europe during the past half-century has always had on me the same distressing, dulling effect as is induced by mechanical, unintellectual occupation; and lately I have been stirred, refreshed, invigorated, by some Russian music; and at the moment of writing I am glad to say we are to have at least one representation of a little opera by Rachmaninoff. "Aleko" has never been given in England; and it has the freshness of the open air, and if it makes us all sneeze, so much the better.

But—shades of César Cui, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Balakireff, Borodin, and Moussorgsky! If there was one thing most of the "kouchka", of the coterie of the Infallible Five, disliked it was Italian music of any description; and if shades writhe theirs must writhe when they see "Madame Butterfly", that product of Italian sentimentalism, given to help Russian musicians. For such a cause I would not mind if the choice had fallen upon something of Donizetti—or even Mascagni. Mascagni indeed would be appropriate; for he it was who set every composer in Europe—including Rachmaninoff—a-scribbling short operas. How many have survived? Only the two originals, I believe, or rather "Cavalleria", the true original, and "Pagliacci", which was not exactly a copy but an achievement in melodrama and bad musicianship that was suggested by the original. All the rest have gone down the winds. With "Aleko" Rachmaninoff made his bid for a twenty years' immortality. Good or bad, his opera is far superior to Mascagni's. The workmanship is better, and there is the breath of the fresh air. "*Ouvrez les fenêtres*", cried Mr. Romain Rolland some years ago. But it is useless to open the windows. Little, comparatively little, fresh air

blows in at windows. If you want to be inspired by a waterfall or a running brook, it is sheer waste of energy to turn on the tap: you must get out into the fields and mountains. That is what Rachmaninoff does and what Mascagni never does, what hardly any other composer of our time has ever tried to do; and that is why Rachmaninoff's work, at its weakest, refreshes and inspires us. César Cui and his colleagues, with the exception of Borodin, showed themselves made of harder, sterner metal. No immortality for them! They scorned even the beginning of an immortality. They told their public that fools could not understand their work, that anything understood by the public must of necessity be a foolish work. Borodin trusted the public, and achieved a masterpiece in his "Prince Igor". Rachmaninoff pulled off no masterpiece, yet "Aleko" is a most interesting opera.

It would be a mistake to regard him as representative of "young Russia" of to-day. So little is known about the Russian composers that we have got into a sad way of lumping them all together. I confess it gave me something of a shock when I realised that the two founders of the "kouchka" were born eighty years ago, and that all the Five Infallibles are dead, and some of them have been dead a long time. It is more than half-a-century since Cui, in the spirit of the adventurer who "discovered" America in Victoria's reign, "discovered" the art of music, and also in the spirit of a Prussian general, ordered all other musicians to compose in one particular way and no other. Since then their music has passed through several clearly marked stages of development, and while some of it is good much of it is very bad indeed. Rachmaninoff arrived much later than the Five, but Stravinsky and the younger men have already put him back amongst the ancients. The younger men's music has a character of its own, entirely owing to their self-conscious use of unusual harmonies and scales; prior to them all the composers employed folksong and folk-dance tunes, but all were conservative on the question of harmony. César Cui thought Wagner wilfully and wickedly discordant; he declared that if you moved a door backwards and forwards on rusty hinges for three and a half hours you would have an excellent substitute for "Tristan". True, he despised symmetrical form, and went in for a curious compound called "melodic recitative"; but take any twenty bars of his music, and it is indistinguishable from the stuff poured out by the inferior musicians of Germany at the same time. Generalisations based on insufficient knowledge—and mine is by no means sufficient yet—are highly dangerous things; yet I will venture to assert that Rachmaninoff stands midway between four of the Five and the writers of to-day. Borodin stands apart from his early friends. He was a mighty musician—they were not; they spun or built music according to rules laid down by themselves—he trusted his own genius and to what he had learnt from the elder masters; they repudiated the past—he felt the stupendous greatness of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven; they scorned their alien contemporaries—he sat humbly at the feet of Liszt and Berlioz, and then judged them with unfailing acuteness; they rejected form and development—he knew no true piece of music could be formless and (it follows as night the day) music that was not developed must be formless and therefore not true music; he gave us a few superb works—they left a number of stimulating experiments. Had Rachmaninoff endeavoured to follow in his steps! He did not—perhaps could not—and so far has turned out only middling good music. That is much, and perhaps finer things are to come.

All Russian music has the open-air freshness already mentioned; all is free from the two baneful qualities that have ruined so much of our music, academicism and self-conscious striving often verging on charlatanism. The greenness, so to say, comes from the folksong on which it is based; these composers went into the villages and lonely farms for melodic inspiration—to the villages and farms of their native land, not to India or Africa or even Hungary. The freedom from academicism and charlatanism is due to the unswerving sincerity of the men. Only one of the pioneers,

Rimsky-Korsakoff, was a professional musician. Cui was a military engineer, Borodin a scientist. The result is that their work is characterised by sincerity, fidelity to a noble ideal. The ideal of Mackenzie, Parry, Stanford and many others is little more than a professional ideal, well enough in its way, but not an artist's ideal; on the other hand, such a man as Rachmaninoff, professional though he is, has no taint of lazy professionalism about him. He is not content simply to turn out goods of a certain quality, but strives constantly to attain the highest he knows.

In my next article I shall have something to say about the artistic success gained by the Russians in opera as compared with their exploits in other forms; also the relation of Tschaikowsky to the genuine national group of composers.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE NEED OF CRUSHING GERMANY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chelsea,

15 July 1915.

SIR,—We and our Allies must win, can win, and shall win in this great war of liberation, which has been forced upon the world deliberately and designedly by the German Moloch and his military party. We have no use for pessimists, be they pro-Germans or politicians. Is it thinkable that Great Britain, which isolated and without allies withstood the might of the greatest and most powerful war-lord of history for several years, could succumb to hordes of savage barbarians under the sway of a criminal lunatic when we are fighting side by side with the most glorious Allies who ever combined in the cause of righteousness and liberty against that of evil-doing and slavery? If the Kaiser with all his deceit, all his mendacity, and all his preparation, has not been able to accomplish one of his objects after a year's war; if his magnificent army, composed of his first line troops and reserves, has utterly failed, especially a year ago, when we and the French were taken entirely by surprise and unready, how can success attend his efforts when our Army is incalculably stronger than ever, and when the French have proved themselves so infinitely superior as fighting men to the vaunted Teutons? So much so, that whereas in the beginning they dreaded the German might, ever mindful of 1870-71, now they despise it, as did Napoleon. Let the timorous take the above to heart and fear not that the German reptile, strong as he is, can possibly triumph. There is, however, this to be feared—Germany must not only be defeated, but so humiliated and crushed that she can never again raise her head or commit further the infamous crime against humanity which lies to her charge. This can only be effected by the fully developed forces of all the Allies. Russia, France and Italy are so developing, and if we are to retain our national reputation we must follow their example, and call to the Colours all the young single men who are required. The arguments that voluntary soldiers are better than conscripts, that conscription would introduce the Prussian drill-sergeant, or that we have as many men as we have arms for at the present time, are not worthy of consideration. In the first and second cases let us regard the magnificent democratic Army of France, such an army as we must have for the future if we are going to hold our position in the world. Had we possessed such, Germany would have been defeated long since, and the lives of tens of thousands of the flower of our youth would have been spared to us; and as to the arms and equipment, those will be provided soon enough, and the men can be trained in the beginning with very limited quantities of them. The first thing is to get the men.

The Hague Conference has proved itself to be utterly futile in face of a mendacious, treacherous, unscrupulous Power like Germany. Peace and arbitration societies, well meaning though they are, are as powerless to stop war as is the expostulating bleat

of lambs when the wolf attacks the fold. This war, engineered for a generation by Germany, has taught us a terrible lesson, which must have gone home to all but faddists and hopeless cranks; and Lord Lansdowne's solemn utterance in the House of Lords on Tuesday seems to indicate that the Government is really going to grasp the nettle and take a step which would bring joy and confidence to our Allies and confusion to our enemies.

Your obedient servant,

ALFRED TURNER,

Major-General.

### THE UNFAIRNESS OF VOLUNTARY RECRUITING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 July 1915.

SIR,—Lord Lansdowne's speech in the House of Lords on Tuesday is surely a great advance upon anything yet delivered by a Minister. It is true that much of what he said is generally admitted. Most people, for example, are now agreed that the war cannot any longer be successfully fought on the system of go-as-you-please. So far as the signs can be read at all the feeling of the public is now greatly in favour of declaring outright that a man's time and work belong at this moment to his country. Thousands are waiting to hear it proclaimed that the State requires them. They are ready at a definite summons to leave their private concerns, to sacrifice the ease of themselves and their families to the needs of England. It is widely realised that we have wasted time and energy in respecting old prejudices and in failing to use our resources to the best advantage. We have not paused to consider whether we were recruiting the right men. We have stripped industries necessary to the war of skilled men who cannot now be restored without throwing trained units of the Army into confusion. We have drained some districts of virtually all their labour and left others overstocked. We have recruited something like a million married men, whose families the country is supporting at the cost of some £50,000,000 a year. Consequently, and as a direct result of this, we have failed to deal with the munitions question and the labour question. This week the miners, whose work is essential to the Fleet, are at violent issue with the Government, a position which could not arise if it was the declared duty of every man to serve the country.

These things are true; but they were already being said and largely accepted before Lord Lansdowne spoke. The new and surprising thing in his speech—the thing which thousands of people in the country have been waiting to hear—is his flat and unqualified declaration that the voluntary method of recruiting, which is at the bottom of all our troubles with munitions as well as men, is an unjust and an unfair system. "I do not believe," said Lord Lansdowne, "that voluntary service with its present anomalies and injustices will be tolerated very much longer." This from a public speaker is a new point of view. It is not, sir, new to you or to your readers; but it is new as coming from a member of the Government. The attitude hitherto of our public men on this question, so far as I have been able to follow it, was that the voluntary system of recruiting is a precious thing, to be saved at all costs from any encroachment of the idea of obligation. The plan, as I understand it, has been to recruit as many men as possible by voluntary methods and to regard compulsion as a last resort, or even as a threat. The voluntary system has been regarded as good in itself; compulsion as, at best, a necessary evil.

Lord Lansdowne's plain speaking sweeps all this aside, and I am sure he expresses the feelings of thousands. There are thousands who desire the State to declare the obligation of every citizen to serve, not because it is a necessary but evil step, but because it is obviously fair and right. It is unfair to suggest



to a man, not obviously qualified to join the Army—a man who under a national system of service would be refused by the recruiting offices—that he is a shirker and a coward if he does not at once enlist. It is unfair to suggest these things to him, and at the same time not to declare that national service is the duty of all alike. It is an "anomaly" to suggest to a man who has no means of judging his comparative usefulness as a soldier or a civilian, or who is confronted with the inevitable distress of his dependants, or is not physically built for soldiering—it is an "anomaly" to suggest to this man that he is beyond the pale of honour because he does not somehow get himself passed into the fighting line if at the same time the principle is covertly denied that the life and fortune of every man belong to his country. It is reported that the recruiting authorities have recently been inviting men formerly rejected on grounds of physical deficiency to apply again for enlistment. If this be true it is a striking illustration of the unfairness of the voluntary system. Men are being persuaded abroad who would not be considered fit or called to go under a national system.

The unfairness of the voluntary system at bottom is that it is no longer voluntary. The men marked out for service, who would have gone unprompted and of their free will, who had no distracting responsibilities or ties to weigh against the splendid adventure of patriotic service, would have joined without the daily insult and intolerable pressure of the methods now employed. The employment of these methods is a confession that the voluntary system is, in Lord Lansdowne's words, a system whose "injustices and anomalies" will not be "tolerated very much longer by the country".

I am,  
Yours obediently,  
DOMUS DE BALLIOLO.

M. IVAN MEŠTROVIĆ.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20, Fitzroy Street, W.,

July 12, 1915.

SIR,—Mr. Collins Baker is generally so discreet and urbane a critic that he makes me break through my resolve, doubtless unwisely, to say no more at the moment about M. Meštrović, and come to beg space in your columns for this brief personal explanation. My only justification for the request is Mr. Baker's allusion in his article in your last issue—I apologise if I am mistaken about his allusion—to a letter of mine in the "Times" of 30 June as having started a certain "alluring idea" in respect of M. Meštrović's work, which has given rise to a little controversy.

Well, it is a noticeable thing that the only phrase in that letter, which any of my critics have fixed upon, is a single expression about one work, one unspecified work, of M. Meštrović's being "morally offensive". Curious! but once by any chance bring that word "moral" into artistic discussion, and straightaway, it seems, you start people off in almost complete absorption on to just that one single line of interest. I am not indeed for withdrawing the expression, but I would remark that the special point of my letter, as I definitely said in it, lay not there, nor indeed in any criticism of M. Meštrović from any view whatever: for my point was this.

I frankly—let me add, I honestly—allowed to M. Meštrović's art skill and genius. If I had to write the letter over again, I should expand this into—skill, power and genius. But for all that, here is a plain fact staring us in the face. His art as a whole does unquestionably raise keen controversy amongst competent judges, and raises it on artistic grounds. Now, the point of my protest was, that the work of a living artist, whilst it raises such controversy, ought not to be ostentatiously exhibited, and therefore commended,

by Governmental authority in our chief public museum. In a word, it is not yet the moment for Governmental authority to step in and virtually pronounce judgment. I should make precisely the same protest supposing the art so exhibited were that of a living artist with which I was in entire sympathy, yet in respect of which I knew a large number of competent judges vitally disagreed with me. That was and is my point. I may be wrong or right over it. Anyhow, I think I put it plainly enough; and the remarkable thing is that not one of my critics gives at least any sign of having caught it. Really, it is the moral bait only to which any of them are apparently sensitive.

Just one word more, forgivable, I hope, to purely personal feeling. Mr. Collins Baker, like the rest, girds at me as academic. The term, used opprobriously, stings a little, yet, I am glad to say, only a little. In my own small way for now over thirty years I have been a working artist. During them on more than one occasion I have fought pretty stiffly for ideas and practices not much in favour with those ordinarily considered as academic persons. Well, I shall hope to continue fighting for these, whenever necessary; yes, even though meantime I chance in certain people's opinion to seem fit for nothing better, alas! than to act as an academic judge in the National Competition, or as a sterile professor at one of our Universities, who, when he opens his mouth on matters of art, "gives English criticism away".

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

SELWYN IMAGE.

#### THE POPE AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

24 June 1915.

SIR,—If the Pope really feels the horror of crime that he expressed in his interview, he has a most potent weapon with which to combat it. If he excommunicated now all those guilty of atrocious cruelty towards prisoners, women, and children from the beginning of the war, not to mention the wanton destruction of churches, it would deter thousands of soldiers in the German and Austrian armies from indulging in the brutality to which they have hitherto given free rein.

Yours, etc.,  
F. C.

#### GENDARMERIE IN CHINA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Anglo-Chinese News Agency,  
2 and 3, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.,

13 July 1915.

SIR,—It may interest your readers to learn what are the exact facts with regard to the report that China is intending to organise a system of gendarmerie to suppress brigandage. The movement was confined to one province—Honan, the chief sphere of the operations of "White Wolf". The local authorities invited Colonel Hjalmarson, of the Swedish Army, who organised the force of gendarmerie in Persia, to visit Peking on his way home to rejoin the Colours. He went, reported, and apparently pleased those with whom he discussed the matter. The financial condition of the province, however, does not permit at present of any effect being given to the recommendations of his report, while the Central Government at Peking does not intend to approach the Swedish Government to ask for the services of Colonel Hjalmarson.

Yours obediently,

CHARLES WATNEY.

[Owing to great pressure on our space, we are this week compelled to hold over many letters.]



## REVIEWS.

## VIVE LA FRANCE!

"The Book of France." In aid of the French Parliamentary Committee's Fund for the Relief of the Invaded Departments. Edited by Winifred Stephens. Macmillan & Co. 5s. net.

A VOLUME that appeals to the British public in the name of France cannot fail to capture the book market. It is a volume worth buying for its own sake, apart from the cause for which it pleads. The most beautiful contribution is from Madame Mary Duclaux, whose article, "The Background of a Victory", has a tender, noble courage that dwells in the memory with a sequence of busy pictures charmed with poetical inspiration. Madame Duclaux describes how she, with two other English ladies, was in Brie at the end of last July, living there in a large white cottage surrounded by a lovely wooded park. So deep was the peace of their retreat that they were "scarce bespattered by the distant rumours of the Caillaux case", and they took very calmly the European situation. "Suddenly one Sunday afternoon—it was the 1st of August—the church bells began to ring fast and furious, while the drums of the neighbouring fort of Sucy beat a strange, sinister tattoo. I had never heard just those sounds before, yet I knew they rang the tocsin—that they were beating a general alarm, because the country was in danger". And from the first day France "offered herself up in sacrifice, keeping nothing back, pouring out her best on the altar. There is something religious in the patriotism of the French: every son of the soil has in him the stuff of a burnt offering". Yes, and "the Socialists were just as eager as the others. I see in my mind's eye a tall workman standing on the steps of the public house and crying out, 'We'll settle accounts among ourselves afterwards, but now we must be off'".

It is an article to be read again and again. Our Tommies are to be seen after their retreat from Charleroi and Mons, "alert, nimble, brisk, lively, clean and bright. The very sight and sound of them was a tonic. In the twinkling of an eye the reputation of their race was changed: 'The English love a laugh!' said the good people of Melun. . . . How many of them have left their brave hearts to rot in and enrich the loams of Brie! . . . But whoever pitied the Knights of Joan of Arc? No fate, surely, is so worthy of our envy as the glorious death of those who in a joyful sacrifice redeem their country and their race, achieving, not only victory, but the downfall of a tyrant and the triumph of human right and freedom".

Other contributors—Anatole France, Pierre Loti, Remy de Gourmont, René Boylesve, J. H. Rosny Aîné, Henry James, Pierre Mille, Rudyard Kipling, Maurice Barrès, André Gide, La Comtesse de Noailles, La Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre, and Marie Lenèru (whose translator is Lady Frazer)—set thought astir in useful and essential ways. But Madame Duclaux has a sovereign distinction in a book of France published in England. Truly she is France and as truly is she England in her beautiful sympathy. Her genius, in fact, is a marriage of complementary races. One day she said to an English soldier who was mending his bike, "Are we getting the best of it? Is there much danger?" "Well, Miss", said he, "it's like this: the place is full up with Generals; and I don't know how it is, but I've always noticed where there's so many Generals there's not much danger". Next day (Sunday, 6 September) Madame Duclaux saw in the road "a douce, demure young Highlander taking his Sunday afternoon's walk, as quietly as if he had been in Glasgow". "How are things going?" she asked. "Do you think the Germans are coming?" The Scot answered, "I've been hearing, Matam, that the Chermans will have been hating a pit of a set-back". And it was in these modest words that Madame Duclaux heard of the miracle of the Marne.

Here is another picture—the peasant heart of France, the departure of the first Reservists. "They are

chiefly peasants from the neighbouring farms—small, supple men, tanned by the sun in the fields, who walk as if they would march to the end of the world. And as they go they hum under their breath the 'Marseillaise'. If I shut my eyes I can still see them moving along the white roads lined with their families and their friends; they stoop this way and that, here to press an outstretched hand, and there to kiss a baby that the mother lifts up towards the soldiers. Posies of dahlias, cornflowers and roses are spiked on the points of their bayonets, and the people throw them flowers as they pass with a swift step and a light springy gait, almost running on the road to battle. . . ." How different is this peasant heart from a defiant strike by Welsh miners!

## THE RELIGIONS OF CHINA.

"Confucianism and its Rivals." By Herbert A. Giles, LL.D. Williams and Norgate. 6s. net.

CHINA is the only country in the world which possesses three religions all recognised by the State. Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism exist side by side, and although their relations one to another have never been very precisely defined, it is quite possible for a man to belong to all three religions at the same time. This does not argue, as might seem, any particular breadth of view or tolerance on the part of the Chinese Government. Much less can it be taken to indicate a modernist latitudinarianism which regards as a matter of indifference the particular form of belief. The three religions of China have certain broad features in common. They supplement and enrich one another, and if, to the student, there seem to be discrepancies and contradictions in points of doctrine, the points at issue are quite capable of reconciliation by the Eastern mind. Many learned Chinese have laboured to show that "the three teachings"—meaning Buddhism, Taoism, and Confucianism—are in reality one. The discussion as to whether Confucianism can be rightly described as a religion is, on the whole, unprofitable. True, it has no priesthood, no liturgy, no theology in the strict sense of the word. That Confucius himself had no idea of establishing a religion is abundantly clear. His work was to systematise the accumulated experience of his predecessors. He taught not so much a religion as a theory of ethical and political philosophy. But just as Taoism which, starting as a subtle philosophy, became debased and borrowed some of the worst features of Buddhism, so Confucianism, starting from a pure monotheism, has degenerated among the masses into the worship of Confucius himself as a god. Pure Confucianism is a system for the philosopher, not for the peasant. The masses accept it as the criterion of a perfect life, and after performing the daily ceremonies of ancestral worship, satisfy other cravings by the practice of the rites and ceremonies of Buddhism and Taoism, which have so much more to offer by way of reward.

And yet, in spite of the attraction of the two latter religious systems for the masses, it is to Confucianism that we must turn for a true understanding of the Chinese people. "In Confucius and his doctrine", wrote Mr. Teitaro Suzuki, "are solidly crystallised the essence and the ideal of the Chinese people. When we understand Confucius, we understand the Chinese". Certainly no philosopher of any nation, not even Aristotle, has exercised for so long a time a commanding influence over the opinions and manners of such countless multitudes of men.

Confucianism teaches that man is born good and that his lapse into evil is due to his environment. Apart from this doctrine, which contradicts the Christian teaching of original sin, it has been held by many that there is no fundamental opposition between Confucianism and Christianity. In Confucianism the cardinal virtues of Christianity are fully inculcated. Five hundred years before Christ Confucius enumerated the Golden Rule, "Do not unto others what you would not they should do unto you", and to a disciple who asked

for an explanation of the Chinese term for charity of heart replied, "Love one another". "If", wrote Professor Herbert Allen Giles, "Buddhism and Taoism could be displaced by Christianity, and Confucianism be recognised in its true sense as a pure cult of virtue, with commemorative ceremonies in honour of its founder and of family ancestors who have gone before, one great barrier between ourselves and the Chinese would be broken down for ever."

But the greatest care is necessary in comparing the similarities and divergencies of Christianity and Confucianism. In this volume Dr. Giles insists, not for the first time, "that those who compare the offerings of meat and wine by Confucian mourners with the tribute of flowers placed upon graves by Christian mourners, 'do greatly err'". He points out that ancestral worship, deeply engrained as it is in the Chinese mind, is one of the great obstacles to the Christianisation of China. For the essential object of ancestral worship is "to secure from the spirits of dead ancestors, in return for offerings of food and fruit at graves, protection and advancement of worldly interests, which would be incompatible with the teachings of Christianity."

Professor William James finds under all the discrepancies of creeds a common nucleus to which they bear their testimony unanimously. While the warring gods and formulas of the various religions cancel each other, there is a certain uniform deliverance in which religions all appear to meet. It consists of two parts: (1) an uneasiness, and (2) its solution. The uneasiness, reduced to its simplest terms, is a sense that there is something wrong about us as we naturally stand. The solution is a sense that we are saved from the wrongness by making proper connection with a higher power. From this point of view Confucianism, Taoism, and Christianity may be compared. All allow the element of the supernatural, all assert the fact of revelation, all acknowledge the existence of God. There are great differences in the three religions when we go into detail, but the things themselves are admitted by all.

Perhaps the most interesting and suggestive of the chapters in Dr. Giles's book is the first, in which he sums up, in lucid and masterly fashion, the characteristics of the Chinese in the period B.C. 3000-1200. He makes it abundantly clear that the primitive religion of China was a monotheism. Ancient China knew no idols. The men whom it venerated were placed in a category apart, far beneath the Sublime Ruler.

Deeds in China have ever been reckoned as of greater importance than opinions, and duty towards one's neighbour has mostly taken precedence over duty towards God. In this connection Dr. Giles cites a case of the old-world belief in the sanctity of an undertaking which has a special interest for us to-day, when a treaty has been regarded by a Christian nation as a "scrap of paper". He tells how a treaty of peace having been concluded (B.C. 589) with the eastern tribes, a princelet suggested attacking them while off their guard. To this the Grand Augur said, "The violation of a treaty will bring you bad luck. Neither the spirits nor man will help you; how then can you expect to succeed?" The princelet went his own way, and suffered a severe defeat.

#### THE LOW COUNTRIES.

**"A Short History of Belgium and Holland." By Alexander Young. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.**

THE story of the rebellion of the Netherlands, of the rising of a bold, small people against civil and ecclesiastical tyranny, must always call forth the admiration of generous minds. William the Silent is a hero for all ages. Those who under his leadership won liberty for their land are to be held for all time in glorious memory. The Dutch who, having thrown off the yoke of Spain, challenged English supremacy on the seas, in colonies, and in commerce, and came to be known as our "enemies by interest and inclination", have every title to our respect. At the same

time, however, there is need to revise certain opinion commonly held about the "heroic" period in the history of the Netherlands. For several reasons, notably those of religious prejudice, less than justice has been done to the other peoples of that country. Mr. Young's book at least reminds us that in paying honour to the Dutch we should not forget that the Flemings and the Walloons of those days are worthy of consideration.

In many ways the author shows himself ready to give fair treatment to the problems arising from the revolt of the Low Countries. Although his work is designed on "popular" lines, he has gone to original sources for much of his information, and on points of fact is unusually well informed. Where he has gone astray is in estimating the psychology of the ancestors of those we now call Belgians. The figure of William the Silent not unnaturally dominates his imagination, and he is apt to be impatient and almost scornful of those who would not yield him absolute trust and obedience. It is a platitude of doubtful truth to suggest that the Dutch were the race of stronger character because their soil had the fewer natural advantages, and it is only introducing an insoluble question to say their Calvinism gave them superiority over their southern neighbours. The plain truth is that the Flemings showed every whit as much courage as the men of Holland and Zeeland when the Netherlands rose to destroy the mastery of Spain and to escape from the dark shadow of the Inquisition. Presently, however, a time was bound to come when these races would reach a parting of the ways. Only their initial aims were similar. Among all peoples there is none in whom the joy of life is stronger than in those of Flanders. They revolted, not against Catholicism, which most of them preferred to the doctrines of the Reformers, but against the gloomy asceticism that in Spain was one of its marks. They fought, also, with a sense of nationality.

Look at the question what way one will, it is difficult to see that prolonged union with the Dutch would have been possible. William himself had but the span of mortal life to which they might look forward, and he alone seemed to stand firm for the principle of religious toleration. The Dutch wanted freedom for their own faith, but there were signs to show that under their supremacy the Catholic Flemings and Walloons would fare badly. The burning of monks at Bruges and Ghent were terrible portents, and a religion imported from Geneva was an even more melancholy affair than the one which had come from Rome by way of Madrid. The doings of Ryhove and the Protestant fanatics of his party spread alarm throughout the Belgian lands, and, in addition to religious differences, there were racial cleavages and commercial rivalries. The question of the Scheldt always meant hostility between South and North. Perhaps it is for that very reason that Antwerp has retained to our own days hints of a Spanish atmosphere. As Georges Rodenbach, who, above all men, knew the soul of old Flanders, knowing it even as Verhaeren now knows the new, wrote in "Le Carillonneur": "Her magniloquence, her arrogance, her colour, her pomp, all belong to Spain". Does not the tower of the cathedral, highest expression of the city's genius, seem in its traceries to wear a mantilla borrowed from some lady of Cadiz or Seville?

There is, however, little need to spin theories as to the impossibility of uniting the Dutch and Belgian peoples. William the Silent could not do it, and when, in the last century, the experiment was tried, it proved to be one of the most egregious blunders that diplomacy has ever made. Although the age of active religious persecution was over, sectarian animosities still helped to divide races which, to tell the truth, have never had much in common but a frontier. Mr. Young fully acknowledges the mistake made by the Congress of Vienna, but it is strange that he does not seem to realise that what led to trouble in 1830 would have been a catastrophe some two hundred years earlier. His book, it should be noted, was written and published a good while ago, and it is only



the last chapter that appears to have been revised for this new edition. British admiration and sympathy for Belgium is so strong to-day that we may look confidently to some historian to make a fresh and unbiased examination of the records of her people in the past, and it will then, we think, be recognised that the part played by Flanders in the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century was far from being contemptible. However noble the motives of William the Silent, and however splendid the courage of those who followed him in the war of liberation, it is evident that his diplomacy was not of a kind to inspire trust in those of another race and faith. It is not, on the whole, hard to imagine why to the Flemings, and still more to the Walloons, the idea of Dutch rule was even more objectionable than that of Spanish ægis when once a measure of autonomy had been gained.

#### A BOOK OF THE OPEN AIR.

"In Mr. Knox's Country." E. G. Somerville and Martin Ross. Longmans. 6s.

FOR sheer refreshment one could find no better book than this. We have often heard people asking for literature which will release them for odd half-hours from the pressure and anxiety of the time. The demand is not easily met. Too often those who offer such release to the public are offering them a silly and barren shaking of the cap-and-bells which only the more exasperates our solemnity. But here is a genuine release. We feel at once that we have come into the open air. There is here a real holiday for the spirit—just the sort of holiday the British reader loves. There is high-spirited fun in this book, not elaborate or forced; but like the fun we meet when happy people are talking quite naturally and at their best. There is just enough of sentiment to make our laughter the more full; and there is a setting of cliff and sea and the halloo of hounds and country races, and trouble, upon an Homeric scale, with the plumber or with the refractory tackle of an unpunctual yacht.

This, in a word, is the sort of book which reads easily and is not at all easy to write. There are scores of writers who have tried and failed. When one tries to be light and familiar and merry it is so easy to be merely pert and slangy and smart. We have read scores of books wherein authors, like the authors of this book, have tried to get fun out of the comfortable epicure thwarted of his comfort and of his feast, but very few of them succeed as these authors have succeeded in their story of the unhappy Chichester. Usually such fun comes easily enough, it is true, to its artificers; but there is a hard distinction to be drawn between easy writing and writing which is easily written. Volubility on small topics is in print or conversation a snare for all but the surest and most skilful. Authors are apt to forget that the smallest themes require the daintiest delivery, and that high spirits is no guarantee of good reading. To be chatty in books, to tell one's anecdote with vitality and precision, to write like a pic-nic—this is an art whose difficulty is too seldom measured by the practitioners. There are very few who have mastered it; and among them we place without hesitation the authors of this book.

Here you will find the daily happenings in a far corner of Ireland by the sea touched off happily in unpretentious and well-met chaff. There is no straining after phrases or effect, none of that cleverness which mars the teller of tales who is happy only when he is improving upon what is natural. Such neatness and point of phrase as we find is of the kind we encounter in good talk. Gradually, too, without any insistent claim to be probing into human nature, with no visible intention of dabbling in "psychology", we get out of this book a little gallery of sketches, drawn out of a faithful knowledge and intimacy. We get to know that small group of people in a corner of Ireland. We are able in their company to find the holiday of

which we had almost begun to despair. A book like this is at any time to be prized. To-day it is a veritable treasure.

#### A CHANGED HERO.

"The Valley of Fear." By A. Conan Doyle. Smith, Elder. 6s.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE is paying the penalty of having created Sherlock Holmes. He is simply obliged to go on turning out tales about him. He tried to kill him. He actually did kill him, we all believed, but the public would not have it, for it hates to have its heroes destroyed. And in obedience to its demands the author resuscitated him. But to some of us Sherlock Holmes has never been quite the same man since. He has never quite recovered that terrific fall which he sustained—or we thought he sustained—with Professor Moriarty among the mountains. We find in him a certain shrillness, an almost aggressive self-assertiveness as of one who is determined that before all else we shall be forced to admit that he is very much alive. He is still tricked out with the same accoutrements and properties. We have his famous pipe, his dressing-gown, his long silences, his long fingers stained with nicotine, his studied insults to poor Watson, that patient foil over whose transparent inanities Holmes gloats with such pitiless glee.

We have all these and other familiar features, but in spite of them Sherlock Holmes is a changed man. We cannot escape the impression that Sherlock Holmes' creator is tired of him and would willingly let him rest in peace; that he turns out fresh stories about him, not because he would but because he must. But if there is a certain weariness, a languor about "The Valley of Fear", an inclination to rely upon padding to eke out a slender plot, it is none the less an ingenious and well-knit tale. Probably the experienced reader will have guessed the secret of the murder with which the story opens long before he reaches the end, but this will not prevent his enjoyment of the second half of the tale wherein we are introduced to a society of American criminals bossed by an Irish publican. The author has evidently made a careful study of the secret societies which actually do exist in the United States and which year after year successfully defy the efforts of the police. The dovetailing is very deftly done, and "The Valley of Fear" may be recommended to those who are able to find in fiction an hour or two of forgetfulness.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Adair, C., *The Sails of Life*. Paul. 6s.  
 Alexinsky, G., *Russia and the Great War*. Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.  
 Brassey, Earl, *Faith and Work*. Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.  
 Erskine, P., *A Girl of the Blue Ridge*. Low. 6s.  
 Eyre, D., *Reform in the Church of England*. Murray. 2s. 6d. net.  
 Fayle, C. E., *The Great Settlement*. Murray. 6s. net.  
 Footner, H., *The Sealed Valley*. Hodder. 6s.  
 Hughes, M. L. V., *Citizens to Be*. Constable. 4s. 6d. net.  
 Hutchinson, H., *The Faun and the Philosopher*. Hutchinson. 6s.  
 Lagarde, A., *The Latin Church in the Middle Ages*. Clark. 12s. 6d.  
 Lane, Mrs. J., *Maria Again*. Lane. 3s. 6d. net.  
 Lipson, E., *The Economic History of England*. Black. Vol. I. 7s. 6d. net.  
 Makgill, Sir George, *Felon*. Hodder. 6s.  
 Maxim, H., *Defenseless America*. Hodder. 10s. 6d. net.  
 McDowall, S. A., *Evolution and Spiritual Life*. Cambridge University Press. 6s. net.  
 Morris, C., *Famous Days and Deeds in Holland and Belgium*. Lippincott. 5s. net.  
 Ommundsen, H., *Rifles and Ammunition*. Cassell. 21s. net.  
 Phillipson, C., *International Law and the Great War*. 15s. net.  
 Robinson, C. H., *History of Christian Missions*. Clark. 10s. 6d.  
 Shadwell, C. L., *The Paradise of Dante*. Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.  
 Sharp, E., *The War of All the Ages*. Sidgwick. 3s. 6d.  
 Smith, E. A., *The Despot*. Long. 6s.  
 Somerville, E. G., and Martin Ross, *In Mr. Knox's Country*. Longmans. 6s.  
 Stephens, W., *The Book of France*. Macmillan. 5s. net.  
 Sylvan, F., *Consumption and its Cure*. Kegan. 3s. 6d. net.  
 Wentworth, Patricia, *Queen Anne is Dead*. Melrose. 6s.  
 Woodington, F. T., *Fate the Marplot*. Allen and Unwin. 6s.

## INSURANCE.

## THE NORWICH UNION OFFICES.

NO actual connection exists between the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society, which is a mutual concern, and the Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society, Ltd.; but five of the ten directors of the life office are on the board of the fire office, and in several important towns the two institutions are housed in the same building. The alliance between the two societies is therefore very close, and amalgamation—frequently suggested—would probably to-day have been an accomplished fact had either management achieved less success. Fusion may be, is dictated in some cases, inasmuch as an impression of greater opulence can be conveyed, and an opportunity may be afforded to reduce expenses; but when two offices each in its own way are equally strong, equally well managed, and equally respected, no particular advantage is likely to result from an actual merger of interests. As the funds of the life office amounted to £12,886,762 on 31 December last, or to £13,556,659 when the separate funds held on behalf of Scottish Imperial policies had been included, the addition of the £2,646,935 owned by the fire office on the same day would have made no material difference. Of course a total of £16,203,594 is more imposing than one of £13,556,659 or one of £2,646,935, and to this extent amalgamation might prove beneficial. Expenditure, however, could not be reduced, because in each office the administration is most economical, and it is quite certain that a single board of directors would not manage affairs any better than they are being managed at present.

Take the life office in the first place. Founded 107 years ago, it had a life premium income of £1,532,330 in 1914, of which about two-thirds was raised here and one-third in the colonies and abroad; the expenditure totalled £222,833, and represented only 13·8 per cent. of the amount, although large sums had necessarily to be spent in connection with the completion of 9,493 policies, assuring £4,643,525 at an annual premium of £174,504, plus £26,510 by single payments. In this case, therefore, more rigid economy could scarcely be imagined; and the record of the society in other respects is equally good. Although about £27,567 had to be paid for income-tax, the investments yielded £424,440, or an effective rate of 4·1 per cent.; while the mortality experience—war claims notwithstanding—was again favourable, and resulted in a substantial profit being realised. The accounts show, indeed, that the large sum of £865,871 was added to the life assurance fund during the year. Moreover, the management has been successful in two other ways. An important annuity business has been established, and is supported by a separate fund of £1,020,458; and, secondly, the office is most liberally patronised by purchasers of capital redemption policies. Last year the premiums received from this source amounted to £116,452, and the accumulated fund increased from £942,952 to £1,039,549.

There is, as a matter of fact, very little room for further improvement in the case of the life office, and it would require exceedingly smart management to make the Norwich Union Fire a greater success than it is. Transacting fire, accident, employers' liability, marine, and miscellaneous insurances, this office raised

about £1,754,663 in premiums last year. The liabilities it has assumed are therefore very considerable, but on the other hand ample funds have been accumulated, and policyholders are given full protection. Including the reserve of 40 per cent. of premiums made in respect of unexpired risks, the amount of the fire insurance fund now substantially exceeds one year's full premium income, and the minor accounts are also in a healthy condition, without taking into account the profit and loss balance, which, in view of the War, was increased from £66,293 to £168,120 last year. In the accident and employers' liability department the reserve for current risks is the same as in the fire department, and a liberal estimate is made for outstanding claims; while in the new marine section nearly one year's premiums are already in hand. Another strong point is the rate of interest earned on the funds, which is more ample than in most instances. Shareholders' dividends are now almost exclusively paid out of the interest earned on the capital and funds, and practically the whole of the underwriting profits can be placed to the reserve funds.

## AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

Est.

1849.

THE LARGEST MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE IN THE EMPIRE.

Funds, £32,000,000. Annual Income, £4,000,000.

MODERATE PREMIUMS.  
LIBERAL CONDITIONS.  
WORLD-WIDE POLICIES.

Every Year a Bonus Year.

Whole-Life Policies 20 years in force show average increase of the sum assured by Bonus exceeding 50 per cent.  
Endowment Assurance Results also unsurpassed.

37 THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

## A WAR-WORK INVESTMENT WITH REBATE of INCOME TAX

WAR-WORK SAVINGS cannot be invested to better purpose than in a Life Assurance Policy making provision for OLD AGE and for dependants in the event of earlier death.

A SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND ENDOWMENT POLICY on the With-Profit scale of Premiums not only entitles to rebate of Income Tax but secures the additional advantage of Bonuses, which in the past have been consistently large.

## HEAD OFFICE:

9 St. Andrew Square,  
Edinburgh.G. J. LIDSTONE,  
Manager and Actuary.

## LONDON OFFICES:

28 Cornhill, E.C., and  
5 Waterloo Place, S.W.

## NOTICE.

The Terms of Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW are

	United Kingdom.			Abroad.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
One Year ...	1	8	2	1	10	4
Half Year ...	0	14	1	0	15	2
Quarter Year ...	0	7	1	0	7	7

Cheques and Money Orders should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, SATURDAY REVIEW Offices, 10 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

In the event of any difficulty being experienced in obtaining the SATURDAY REVIEW, the Manager would be glad to be informed immediately.

## PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY

(LIMITED),

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

INVESTED FUNDS EXCEED - £90,000,000  
CLAIMS PAID - £118,000,000



# ALLIANCE

**ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.**

Head Office: BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, E.C.

**ASSETS EXCEED £24,000,000.**

Chairman:

**The Hon. N. CHARLES ROTHSCHILD.**

The Operations of the Company embrace all branches of Insurance.

**Full information respecting  
ESTATE DUTY  
and  
CHILDREN'S EDUCATIONAL  
POLICIES**

issued by the Company may be  
obtained on written or personal  
application to the Office at the  
above address.

ROBERT LEWIS, General Manager.

## GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Mortgages.]

ESTABLISHED 1837.

[Annuities.

**FUNDS EXCEED £2,000,000.**

Chief Office: 103 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Board of Directors.

ALFRED JAMES SHEPHEARD, Esq., Chairman.

Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR, Deputy Chairman.

H. J. BRACEY, Esq.

Rt. Hon. H. E. DUKE, P.C., K.C., M.P.

Rt. Hon. LORD FARRER.

Sir JOHN JARDINE, K.C.I.E., M.P.

C. E. VERNON RUTTER, Esq.

ROBERT HENRY SCOTT, Esq., F.R.S., D.Sc.

Double advantage policies issued securing TWO PAYMENTS of the amount assured—one payment on the attainment of a specific age, and a second payment at death thereafter.

Advances made on Reversions, vested or contingent, and Life Interests, and on Personal Security in connection with a Life Policy.

JOHN ROBERT FREEMAN, Manager and Secretary.

## NORWICH UNION MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE

because of its

AGE, - MAGNITUDE, - RESERVE STRENGTH,  
PROFIT YIELD, - ALERTNESS, - & ECONOMY

**The Outstanding  
British  
Life Office.**

Write for Prospectus to The Secretary,

**NORWICH UNION LIFE OFFICE, NORWICH,**

or to any Branch Office of the Society.

## BRITANNIC ASSURANCE CO., Ltd.

ORDINARY BRANCH—

Whole Life Assurances, with and without profits.  
Endowment Assurances, with and without profits.  
House Purchase, in combination with Life Assurance.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH—

Adult Assurances, Whole Life and Endowment.  
Children's Assurances, Whole Life and Endowment.

OVER £10,100,000 PAID IN CLAIMS.

**FUNDS EXCEED - £3,790,000.**

Agents required in all parts of the United Kingdom; splendid opportunities for energetic men.

Chief Offices: BROAD ST. CORNER, BIRMINGHAM.

INSURANCE OF BUILDINGS AND CONTENTS.—TO OWNERS OF PROPERTY, TRUSTEES AND SOLICITORS. MANY BUSINESS PREMISES, TOWN RESIDENCES, COUNTRY MANSIONS, FARM BUILDINGS, &c., ARE DANGEROUSLY UNDER-INSURED. THE PRESENT INCREASED COST OF BUILDING IS OVERLOOKED AND THE NECESSARY REVISION OF POLICIES NEGLECTED.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

prepare reports for the protection of Owners in all parts of the kingdom.—Offices: 20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.

## THE WELSH CHURCH ACT.

THE action of the Government in forcing the Welsh Church Bill upon the Statute Book by means of the Parliament Act, and bringing it into immediate operation in spite of the Prime Minister's pledge not to proceed with controversial legislation during the War, necessitates continued effort in defence of the Church in Wales.

Churchmen are therefore invited to support the CENTRAL CHURCH DEFENCE COMMITTEE, so that, when national conditions permit, an effective campaign may be launched for the repeal of the Act.

Cheques (crossed Messrs. Hoare) may be sent to the Secretary at the Offices of the Committee in the Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W.

T. MARTIN TILBY,

Secretary.

**MESSRS. SOTHERAN have opened  
a WAR ROOM  
at 43 PICCADILLY, W., opposite Prince's  
Hall, where most of the war books of the  
day may be seen before buying.**

Telegrams: Bookmen, London.

Telephone: Mayfair 3601

**H. G. COMMINS,**

New and Second-hand Bookseller,

**100 OLD CHRISTCHURCH ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH.**

Enquiries promptly answered. Always a large stock of books of Antiquarian and general interest. A New Catalogue of Second-hand Books ready, sent upon application.

## MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL, CROSBY

Near Liverpool.

Founded 1618. Endowed Public School. Tuition Fees, £15 per annum. Healthy residential neighbourhood, near the sea. Good professional education, with leaving Exhibitions to the Universities. Cadet Corps. Entrance Scholarships in September. For prospectus apply H. CRADOCK-WATSON, M.A., Headmaster.

## R. ANDERSON & CO.,

BRITISH, INDIAN, AND COLONIAL ADVERTISEMENT CONTRACTORS.

14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.

GIVE THE BEST TERMS for Company and General Advertising. Advice, Estimates, and all information free of charge. Replies received.

## ELY CATHEDRAL.

Visitors will find First Class Hotel Accommodation at the "LAMB" Family Hotel, which is situated close to the Cathedral. MODERATE TERMS. Omnibus meets all trains.

Proprietor, S. AIREY.

## THE NATIONAL SERVICE LEAGUE

(A Strictly Non-Party Organisation).

**OBJECTS OF THE LEAGUE.**—To secure the peace and safety of the Country and the Empire, and improve the moral and physical condition of the people by bringing about the adoption of Universal Military Training for Home Defence.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

LIFE PAYMENTS.

Hon. Vice-Presidents ...	£ s. d.	Members ...	£ s. d.
...	25 0 0	...	10 10 0

ANNUAL PAYMENTS.

Hon. Vice-Presidents ...	5 0 0	Associates, with Literature
Members ...	1 1 0	and Journal ...
...	...	...

The Subscription of Ladies and Members of the Territorial Force is at half-rates, except in the case of subscriptions of Associates.

BRANCHES IN EVERY PART OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Offices: 72 VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

# THE SILVER LIBRARY.

(A SELECTION FROM.)

Price 3s. 6d. each Volume.

**BAGEHOT (W.)**

BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES. 3s. 6d.  
LITERARY STUDIES. 3 vols. 3s. 6d. each.  
ECONOMIC STUDIES. 3s. 6d.

**BENT (J. T.)**

THE RUINED CITIES OF MASHONALAND.  
With 117 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**BRASSEY (LADY)**

A VOYAGE IN THE "SUNBEAM." With 66 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**BUCKLE (H. T.)**

HISTORY OF CIVILISATION IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE, SPAIN AND SCOTLAND. 3 vols. 10s. 6d.

**CLODD (E.)**

STORY OF CREATION: Plain Account of Evolution. With 77 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**CONYBEARE (Rev. W. J.) and HOWSON (Very Rev. J. S.)**

LIFE AND EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL. With 46 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**DOYLE (Sir A. CONAN)**

MICAH CLARKE: a Tale of Monmouth's Rebellion. With 10 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE CAPTAIN OF THE "POLESTAR," and other Tales. 3s. 6d.  
THE REFUGEES: a Tale of the Huguenots. With 25 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS. 3s. 6d.

**FROUDE (J. A.)**

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada. 12 vols. 3s. 6d. each.  
SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS. 4 vols. 3s. 6d. each.  
THE ENGLISH IN IRELAND. 3 vols. 10s. 6d.  
ENGLISH SEAMEN IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. 3s. 6d.  
SPANISH STORY OF THE ARMADA, &c. 3s. 6d.  
DIVORCE OF CATHERINE OF ARAGON. 3s. 6d.  
THE COUNCIL OF TRENT. 3s. 6d.  
SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. 3s. 6d.  
THE TWO CHIEFS OF DUNBOY: an Irish Romance. 3s. 6d.  
OCEANA: or, England and Her Colonies. With 9 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE ENGLISH IN THE WEST INDIES. With 9 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
LIFE AND LETTERS OF ERASMUS. 3s. 6d.  
CÆSAR: a Sketch. 3s. 6d.  
THOMAS CARLYLE: a History of his Life, 1795-1835. 2 vols. 7s. 1834-1881. 2 vols. 7s.

**GLEIG (Rev. G. R.)**

LIFE OF WELLINGTON. 3s. 6d.

**GREVILLE (C. O. F.)**

JOURNAL OF THE REIGNS OF KING GEORGE IV., KING WILLIAM IV., AND QUEEN VICTORIA. 8 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

**HAGGARD (Sir RIDER)**

ALLAN QUATERMAIN. 20 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
ALLAN'S WIFE. With 34 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
BEATRICE. 3s. 6d.  
BLACK HEART AND WHITE HEART. 3s. 6d.  
CLEOPATRA. With 29 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C. 3s. 6d.  
DAWN. With 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
ERIO BRIGHTYES. 51 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
HEART OF THE WORLD. 15 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
JOAN HASTE. With 20 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
LYSBETH. With 26 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
MR. MEESON'S WILL. 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER. 25 Illus. 3s. 6d.  
NADA THE LILY. With 23 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
PEARL-MAIDEN: a Tale of the Fall of Jerusalem. With 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
SHE. With 32 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
STELLA FREGELIUS. 3s. 6d.  
SWALLOW. With 8 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE PEOPLE OF THE MIST. 16 Illus. 3s. 6d.  
THE WITCH'S HEAD. 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
WINTER PILGRIMAGE. (A Visit to Palestine, &c.) With 31 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
A FARMER'S YEAR. With 36 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
RURAL DENMARK. With 29 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**HAGGARD (Sir RIDER) and LANG (A.)**

THE WORLD'S DESIRE. 27 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**JEFFERIES (R.)**

FIELD AND HEDGEROW. With Portrait. 3s. 6d.  
RED DEER. With 17 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE STORY OF MY HEART. 3s. 6d.  
THE TOILERS OF THE FIELD. 3s. 6d.  
WOOD MAGIC: a Fable. 3s. 6d.

**KNIIGHT (E. F.)**

THE CRUISE OF THE "ALBERT." With 2 Maps and 23 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE CRUISE OF THE "FALCON." With 2 Maps and 13 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE "FALCON" ON THE BALTIC. With Map and 11 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
WHERE THREE EMPIRES MEET: A Narrative of Recent Travel in Kashmir, Western Tibet, Balistan, Gilgit. With Map and Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**GLAN (A.)**

CUSTOM AND MYTH. 3s. 6d.  
MYTH, RITUAL AND RELIGION. 2 vols. 7s.  
THE BOOK OF DREAMS AND GHOSTS. 3s. 6d.  
A MONK OF FIFE: a Story of the Days of Joan of Arc. With 13 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**MACAULAY (LORD)**

COMPLETE WORKS. "Albany Edition." With 12 Portraits. 12 vols. Each 3s. 6d.  
Vols. I.-VI.—History of England.  
Vols. VII.-X.—Essays and Biographies.  
Vols. XI., XII.—Sketches, Lays of Ancient Rome, &c., and Index.  
ESSAYS AND LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME, &c. With Portrait and 4 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF LORD MACAULAY. With Notes. 3s. 6d.

**MARBOT (Baron de)**

MEMOIRS. Translated. 2 vols. 7s.

**MERIVALE (Dean)**

HISTORY OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE. 8 vols. Each 3s. 6d.

**MILL (J. S.)**

POLITICAL ECONOMY. 3s. 6d.  
SYSTEM OF LOGIC. 3s. 6d.

**MORRIS (WILLIAM)**

THE EARTHY PARADISE. 4 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

**NANSEN (F.)**

THE FIRST CROSSING OF GREENLAND. With 142 Illustrations and a Map. 3s. 6d.

**SMITH (R. BOSWORTH)**

CARTHAGE AND THE CARTHAGINIANS. With Maps, Plans, &c. 3s. 6d.

**STEPHEN (Sir LESLIE)**

THE PLAYGROUND OF EUROPE. (The Alps.) With 4 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**STEVENSON (R. L.)**

THE STRANGE CASE OF Dr. JEKYLL AND Mr. HYDE, with other Fables. 3s. 6d.  
THE WRONG BOX. 3s. 6d.  
MORE NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. 3s. 6d.

**TREVELYAN (Sir GEORGE)**

THE EARLY HISTORY OF CHARLES JAMES FOX. 3s. 6d.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LORD MACAULAY. Enlarged and Complete Edition, with New Preface and an Additional Chapter. 3s. 6d.

**VERNEY (F. P. & M. M.)**

MEMOIRS OF THE VERNEY FAMILY DURING THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. With Portraits. 2 vols. 7s.

**WEYMAN (STANLEY J.)**

THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF. 3s. 6d.

## LONGMANS' POCKET LIBRARY

Fcp. 8vo. Each Volume, gilt top, 2s. net in cloth; 3s. net in Leather.

\*.\* Except Newman's "Apologia," which is 2s. 6d. net in cloth; 3s. 6d. net in leather.

**ANSTEY (F.)**

VOCES POPULI. First Series. With 20 Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.  
VOCES POPULI. Second Series. With 25 Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

**ARNOLD (Sir EDWIN)**

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. With Photogravure Frontispiece after HOLMAN HUNT.

**FROUDE (J. A.)**

SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS. In 5 vols. (Sold separately.)

**INGELOW (JEAN)**

POEMS. Selected and arranged by ANDREW LANG.

**JEFFERIES (RICHARD)**

THE STORY OF MY HEART. With Portrait.

**LANG (ANDREW)**

BALLADS AND LYRICS OF OLD FRANCE.  
NEW & OLD LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS.  
BALLADES AND RHYMES.  
BOOKS AND BOOKMEN.  
OLD FRIENDS: Essays in Epistolary Parody.

**MACKAIL (J. W.)**

SELECT EPIGRAMS from the GREEK ANTHOLOGY. 2 vols. (Sold separately.)  
Greek Text and English Translation.

**MAX MÜLLER (F.)**

DEUTSCHE LIEBE (GERMAN LOVE).

**MORRIS (WILLIAM)**

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM MORRIS. By J. W. MACKAIL. With Frontispieces. 2 vols. (Not sold separately.)  
NEWS FROM NOWHERE. (Also in paper covers, 1s. net.)  
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON: a Poem.  
POEMS BY THE WAY.  
A DREAM OF JOHN BALL, AND A KING'S LESSON.  
A TALE OF THE HOUSE OF THE WOLFINGS.  
THE ROOTS OF THE MOUNTAINS. 2 vols. (Not sold separately.)  
THE STORY OF THE GLITTERING FLAIN.  
THE WOOD BEYOND THE WORLD.  
THE WELL AT THE WORLD'S END. 2 vols. (Not sold separately.)  
THE WATER OF THE WONDROUS ISLES. 2 vols. (Not sold separately.)  
THE SUNDERING FLOOD. 2 vols. (Not sold separately.)

**NEWMAN (CARDINAL)**

VERSES ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS, including "The Dream of Gerontius."  
APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA. (Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net.)  
THE CHURCH OF THE FATHERS.  
UNIVERSITY TEACHING.

**STEVENSON (R. L.)**

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE. With other Fables.  
A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. With an Introduction by ANDREW LANG, and Photogravure Frontispiece.

**STEVENSON (R. L. & F.)**

THE DYNAMITER.

**STEVENSON (R. L.) & OSBOURNE (L.)**

THE WRONG BOX.

**WEYMAN (STANLEY)**

THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF.

LONGMANS, GREEN &amp; CO, 39 Paternoster Row, London.



## ELKIN MATHEWS' NEWEST BOOKS.

READY THIS WEEK.

Small Cr. 8vo.

2s. 6d. net.

### Dreams

The Old Squire's Welcome—"The Charm 'for Ever'"—The Enemy.

By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

### A War-Time Journal: Germany 1914, and German Travel Notes.

By LADY JEPHSON. With Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

### A New Decalogue. With the Eleventh Commandment.

Roy. 16mo. 1s. net.

### Songs of Chaos.

By HERBERT READ. Cr. 8vo. 1s. net.

### Poems.

By E. SCOTTON HUELIN. F'cap. 8vo. 1s. net.

London: ELKIN MATHEWS, Cork St., W.

IF YOU LIVE IN THE  
COUNTRY AND IF YOU  
WANT

## The Very Latest War News

ON SUNDAY MORNING  
send a Post Office Order for

**4/4**

to the Publisher of the "Evening Standard," 104 Shoe Lane, London, and for six months you will receive at your breakfast table on Sunday morning the SATURDAY SPECIAL EDITION of the

## "Evening Standard"

The best informed, best edited, and most widely read of any of the penny evening newspapers.

## MACMILLAN'S NEW BOOKS.

Seventh Thousand.

### ORDEAL BY BATTLE.

By FREDERICK SCOTT OLIVER, 8vo, 6s. net.

*Punch*.—"Mr. Oliver makes us see ourselves as we are seen. His book is a flame that will burn away much cant and rubbish; it will 'light a candle which will not soon be put out.'"

*The Spectator*.—"It is an admirable piece of work. . . . Everyone would be helped by reading this book."

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S NEW NOVEL.

### A FAR COUNTRY.

By WINSTON CHURCHILL,

Author of "The Inside of the Cup," "Richard Carvel," etc.

Illustrated. Extra crown 8vo, 6s.

*Pall Mall Gazette*.—"The power and skill of the picture lie in the manner in which we see men of high ability, and in some respects of noble character, enmeshed and dragged down by the creatures whom they despised while they used them. . . . This is a very powerful and moving story."

### The Paradise of Dante Alighieri.

An Experiment in Literal Verse Translation. By

CHARLES L. SHADWELL, D.C.L. With an Introduction by JOHN W. MACKAIL, LL.D., F.B.A., F.R.S.L.

Extra crown 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

## THE EDINBURGH REVIEW

Edited by HAROLD COX.

No. 453.

JULY, 1915

Price 6s.

THE OUTLOOK FOR CAPITAL.

GERMAN WAR LITERATURE.

BRITISH IMPERIALISM AND THE PROBLEMS OF PEACE.

ITALY AND THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT.

WAR POETRY IN FRANCE.

NATIONALITY AND GARDENING.

CHIVALRY AND CIVILISATION.

MEREDITH'S ODES ON FRANCE.

THE LAW OF BASTARDY.

A GERMAN NAVAL HISTORIAN.

CANADA IN WAR-TIME.

ECONOMIC ENDURANCE.

DR. A. SHADWELL.

PROF. W. A. PHILLIPS.

AN ITALIAN.

EDMUND GOSSE, C.B.

MRS. VILLIERS-STUART.

J. E. G. DE MONTMORENCY.

JOHN BAILEY.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

EDWARD FORRITT.

EDITOR.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

## THE LITERARY EVENING PAPER

Special Reviews of all the Best and Latest Books. "Gossip about Books," every Thursday; "Books worth Reading," every Saturday; "Magazine Reviews," 1st week in every month.

**The Globe**

EXECUTORS, TRUSTEES, SOLICITORS, AND OWNERS WHO MAY BE DESIROUS OF SELLING WORKS OF ART, FAMILY JEWELS, OLD SILVER, FURNITURE, PICTURES, PRINTS, MINIATURES, CHINA, COINS, BOOKS, OLD LACE, FURS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, GUNS, AND OTHER VALUABLES, ARE INFORMED THAT MESSRS.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY'S

SALE ROOMS, 20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.,

are Open Daily to receive goods intended for disposal.

Auctions of Estates and Town Properties and Sales on Owners' premises in all parts of the Kingdom are held as required. Valuations for Estate and Legacy Duties.

# THE BEST BOOKS

JUST PUBLISHED.

**MARIA AGAIN.** By Mrs. JOHN LANE. Cr. 8vo. **3/6 net.**

"We shall never be tired of Maria. . . . We like 'Maria Again' with Mr. Baumer's frontispiece, better than its predecessor, and we yield it the crowning compliment—it has made us forget the war."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

**JAFFERY. A NEW NOVEL.** By WILLIAM J. LOCKE, Author of

"The Beloved Vagabond," &c. Cr. 8vo. **6/-**

"Welcome at any time, a new novel by Mr. W. J. Locke is doubly welcome now, when one so sadly needs to be relieved from drab thoughts. And with 'Jaffery' one may forget everything else. The book bubbles over with the gaiety of life."—*Truth*.

**OTHER IMPORTANT 6/- NOVELS.**

**MERRY-ANDREW.** By KEBLE HOWARD, Author of "The Smiths of Surbiton," &c.

**THE AUCTION-MART.** By SYDNEY TREMAYNE.

**THE JEALOUS GODDESS.** By MADGE MEARS.

**LOVE-BIRDS IN THE COCO-NUTS.** By PETER BLUNDELL.

**THE GOOD SOLDIER.** By FORD MADDOX HUEFFER. [2nd Edition.

**NEW AND CHEAPER EDITIONS.** Cloth Cr. 8vo. **1/- net each.**

**THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA WING.** By WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

[Immediately.

**FOR THE WEEK-END.** By HANDASYDE.

[Just Published.

READY 20th inst.

THE SECOND NUMBER OF **BLAST** THE 'VORTICIST' REVIEW

Edited by WYNDHAM LEWIS. **2/6 net.**

CONTRIBUTIONS BY Messrs. Gaudier-Brzeska, Dismorr, Sanders, Eliot, Ezra Pound, Ford Maddox Hueffer and Wyndham Lewis.

A few copies of the first number of this unique publication may be obtained from the publisher at the price of **5/- net** per copy.

## AN ENGLISHMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF EGYPT.

By **BARON DE KUSEL (BEY)**, sometime English Controller-General of Egyptian Customs.

With 32 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. **10/6 net.**

"This book is full of interest for all classes of readers."—*Sunday Times*.

**MY SHRUBS.** By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

With 50 Illustrations from Photographs. Demy 8vo. **10/- net.**

"Much sound advice is included; there are 50 full page illustrations of notable specimens, and it is withal a deeply interesting work, forming a welcome addition to the literature of the garden."—*Outlook*.

**NEW POETRY.**

By **EMILE CAMMAERTS.**

**BELGIAN POEMS: Chants Patriotiques et Autres Poèmes.**

With English Translations by **TITA BRAND-CAMMAERTS**, and a Portrait in Photogravure from a Drawing specially made for this Volume by **VERNON HILL**. Crown 8vo. **4/6 net.**

"They express the burning patriotism and righteous wrath of a true son of Belgium. . . . such poetry as this is indestructible, like the spirit of the Belgian people, and to all time will keep fresh the memory of their heroism and of the infamy of their oppressors."—*Spectator*.

By **LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON.**

**WAR POEMS AND OTHER TRANSLATIONS.**

This volume includes Translations from the French, Italian, Latin, and Greek into English, and into Latin and Greek from the English. Crown 8vo. **4/6 net.**

"Lord Curzon's little book is full of good scholarship, literary taste, and deep human sympathy. The fact that it is published on behalf of the Belgian Relief Fund should add to its claim upon the attention of all cultivated and patriotic lovers of good poetry and loyal emotion."—*Daily Telegraph*.

LONDON: JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, VIGO STREET, W.  
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY.